BEYOND CONTROL – By REX BEACH
A NOVEL OF ONE THOUSAND THRILLS

WEEK ENDING AUG. 6, 1932

Liberty

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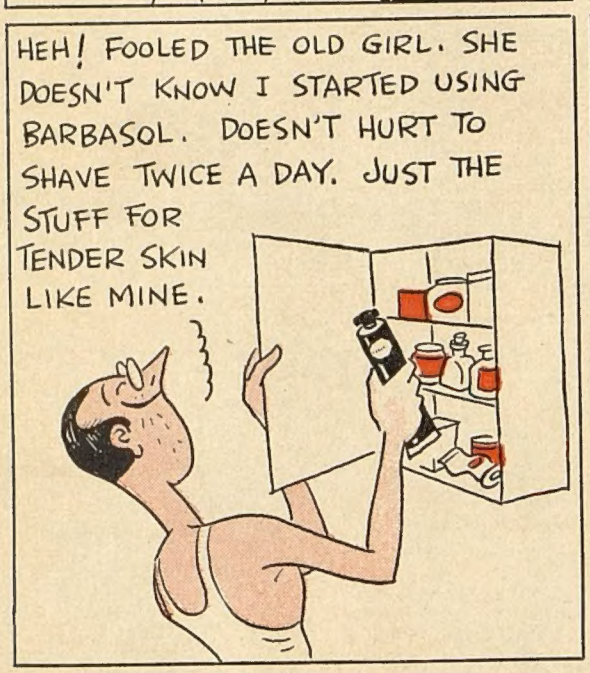
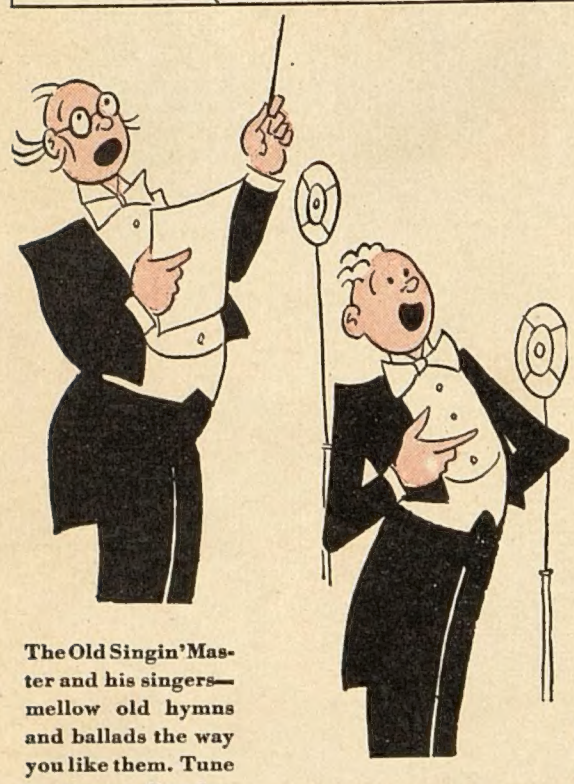
A Weekly

Barbasol

HENRY HAS THE LITTLE WOMAN GUESSING

NOW, HENRY, DON'T START GROWLING LIKE A LION WITHOUT A CAGE. YOU'VE GOT TO SHAVE BEFORE THE JONESES COME OVER AND THAT'S THAT!
O.K. LITTLE GIRL, I'LL DO 'ER.


HEH! FOOLED THE OLD GIRL. SHE DOESN'T KNOW I STARTED USING BARBASOL. DOESN'T HURT TO SHAVE TWICE A DAY. JUST THE STUFF FOR TENDER SKIN LIKE MINE.



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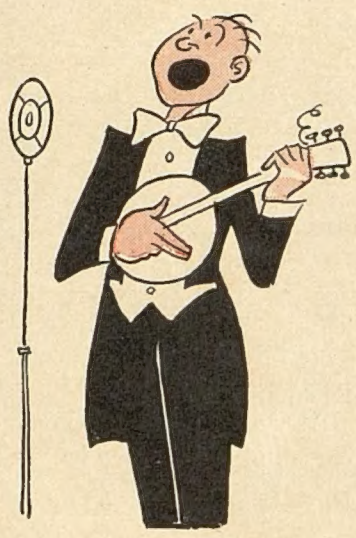
Ray Perkins, Barbasoloist with Peter Van Steeden's Barbasolians, WEAF—N. B. C. Red Network, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 7:30 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER! And do it with Barbasol, the coolest, smoothest shaving cream on the market. Because it's a cream, not a soap, Barbasol holds the whiskers firmly upright, gives the razor proper resistance so it glides along without a pull or a scrape. Leaves the natural oil in so the skin stays soft and pliable. Protects the face from sun- and windburn. Try it today. And use it *right:* **1.** Wash your face and leave it wet. **2.** Smooth on Barbasol (no need to rub it in). **3.** Wet your razor and SHAVE. That's all there is to it for the cleanest, coolest, quickest shave you've ever had. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, or large jar, 75¢. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Barbasol recommends TEFRA TOOTHPASTE

In every 30¢ tube there is a free Tefra toothbrush refill, to fit a lifetime Tefra refillable toothbrush handle. For full information, tune in Barbasol radio programs listed.



Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man, in songs you can't forget. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 8:15, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over an extensive Columbia (WABC) Broadcasting hook-up.

Consult radio page of your local newspaper for stations

Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

AUGUST 6, 1932 VOL. 9, NO. 32

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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Cover by LESLIE THRASHER

MONEY-MAD AMERICANS

Foreigners often maintain that our god is the dollar sign. We bow down and worship at its shrine. And that was the reason for coining the phrase "the almighty dollar."

We will have to admit that money has gained entirely too much importance; it has acquired an undue amount of influence and power. The ambition to attain pecuniary independence has truly become a dominating factor in American life.

No one can question the desirability of financial stability, but when parents make veritable slaves of themselves for the purpose of making life easy for their children through a large inheritance, such an aim is doubtful in value. Unearned rewards often wreck character and devitalize the body. It takes unusual ability to retain poise and balance under the influence of suddenly acquired riches.

Great men in nearly every instance have had lowly beginnings; they have had to struggle through hardships of all kinds; they were mostly educated in the school of hard knocks; the school education of many of them was meager in nature. Name over some of the outstanding figures of the past and of the present, and the life history of many of them bears out the truth of these statements.

But parents everywhere acquire the impression that the bitter experience of their early life was of no advantage to them; that the trials and suffering they had to endure should be avoided by their children. They often live a life of almost daily sacrifice that they may lay by a financial storehouse which their children can draw from for the comforts and even luxuries of life. They fail to realize that hardship and suffering are character builders that develop determination, courage; they give one a full appreciation of the good things of life when they are actually earned.

Parents should not deny their children the unpleasant experiences essential to the real development of manhood and womanhood of a superior type.

The easy road leads to mediocrity, develops indifference and laziness, crushes ambition and enthusiasm. It is strewn with human wrecks of every character.

To give children real opportunities in life, parents must carefully avoid shielding them from adversities and misfortune that must necessarily be encountered.

Discipline helps to develop outstanding abilities. To shoulder responsibilities early in life helps to give a child spirit and self-dependence.

But the great ambition of the average American parents is to leave their children properly cared for financially. They give little or no attention to what should be of far greater importance—that is, to leave them with a mental and physical personality that splendidly equips them for the fight of life regardless of their financial backing.

The value of money is everywhere overestimated. The importance of mental and physical strength is underrated. And the comparative value of such possessions would place financial wealth far in the background.

If parents everywhere would give a little less attention to the comforts and luxuries that money brings and more attention to character building, not only through mental training but through physical activity which develops men and women into magnificent specimens of humankind, our racial and national position would be well intrenched for generations to come.

Money-mad Americans may be a well deserved criticism in some instances, but if the depression from which we are now suffering will make many of our citizens give consideration to other more important factors of life, the associated hardship and suffering may be the source of unlimited profit.

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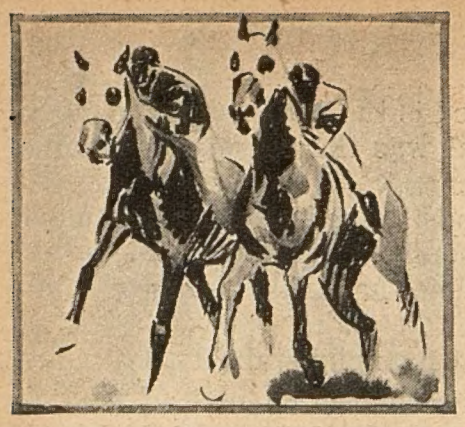
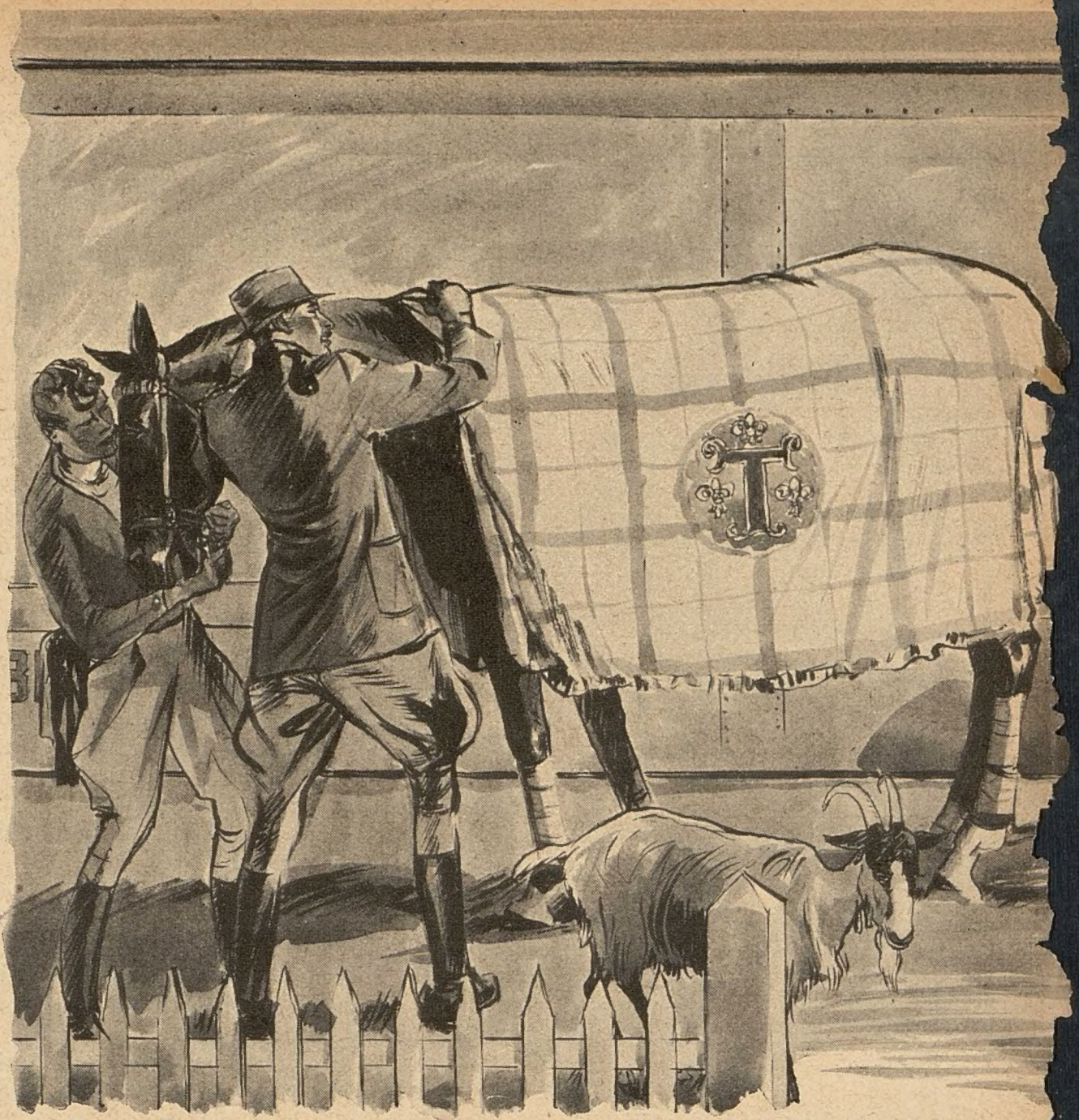




Beginning—

BEYOND

A Novel of Q

By RE

(Reading time: 27 minutes 15 seconds.)

PART ONE—RISKY BUSINESS

IT was early morning, the morning of a bright spring day. On a railway siding near the race track an express car had been shunted and around it had gathered perhaps a dozen stableboys and roustabouts who had assembled for a sight of the new horse.

Newspapers for the past several days had carried Canadian dispatches about Torchon, champion of the French turf, his purchase by an American sportsman named Georges Larue, and the latter's intention of matching him with Battleship, the American sensation. News of this sort was enough to excite the interest of racing enthusiasts, high and low, and it had been sufficient to draw this group of railbirds out before breakfast.

Torchon traveled in state, they could see; he had an entire car to himself. His floor was knee-deep in clean straw; the choicest of Canadian hay had been provided for his manger. A capacious stall had been built for him and, to avoid the possibility of bruising his priceless body, it had been carefully upholstered with a thick padding of quilts and mattresses, and he wore a resplendent blanket. It was a royal robe, with handsome straps and buckles, and it was ornamented with a huge initial T set on a field of fleurs-de-lis. He was hooded, too, and his legs were bandaged. Even his tail, so frequently flaunted at European competitors, was wrapped until it was as stiff as a baseball bat. Scarcely an inch of his silken skin was visible.

All thoroughbreds are temperamental and each has an inseparable companion. Torchon's buddy was a goat of years and dignity, and this animal was the first to be unloaded.

"Hey, you! Don't crowd," Heffron, the man in charge, warned when the curiosity seekers started to scramble into the car. "Back out! I'll give you an eyeful in a minute."

He untied Torchon's halter and after some coaxing he managed with the assistance of his helper to lead the foreign visitor down the runway. Together they began to strip off the horse's wrappings. With a final gesture Heffron swept the blanket of fleurs-de-lis from the invader's frame and the animal stood revealed. A murmur arose from the onlookers, then an oath or two, for what they beheld was a very ordinary rawboned cab horse.

"There he is," Heffron chuckled. "Any of you boys who want him can have him." With a heavy hand he smote the horse's rump and it ambled stiffly away.

When the bystanders turned sour faces back toward the park and made off down the track the two men walked up the plank and both were grinning. From the interior of the car a voice inquired:

"What's the idea? Is this a gag?"

The speaker was a tall man with an unruly shock of light hair and a pair of feverish blue eyes. At this moment he looked ill, for under his eyes were pouches and his face was flushed and swollen.

"Morning, comrade," Heffron greeted him cheerily. "Sure it's a gag. We put over a fast one. You don't think I'd bring a real champ through like this, I hope? Not me! Not with all the ballyhoo we've had in the papers."

"Too many Battleship boosters ready to needle him,"

TOGETHER they began to strip off the horse's wrappings. With a final gesture Heffron swept the blanket from the invader's frame.

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

CONTROL

Thousand Thrills

BEACH

announced the helper. "The real Torchon will come over the line under cover."

"This racing game is a racket," Heffron explained further. "You have to outsmart the other fellow."

"I suppose this is New York," the tall man ventured.

"It is."

"I—don't remember much—" The speaker's voice was thin and reedy; with uncertain hands he brushed the straw from his clothing. "Where's Larue?"

"He left you in my hands. He and Jules came back together day before yesterday—Jules Devereaux. Remember?"

When the object of this query continued to concentrate earnestly but apparently without success, the speaker laughed and said, "Maybe I'd better go back and put you on your trail. Your name is Haddon, and—" Mr. Haddon gestured and nodded. "All right. Mine is Jim Heffron. You and my boss, Georges Larue, got tight together in Quebec. That's where we met you—"

"Yes, yes! But—this car? How did I get in it?"

"Georges learned you were broke, so he paid your hotel bill and gave me instructions to bring you home. You wouldn't go with him, so he told me to bed you down with our horse and let you sleep off your jag. And, boy, *can you sleep?*"

"Thanks! I dare say it'll all come back to me." Haddon went to the water barrel, washed his face and dried it on a handkerchief. "That helps," said he, "but I hope I feel better before I feel worse. Thanks again for the buggy ride, and tell Larue I'll be seeing him about my hotel bill." He lifted his suitcase and descended the plank as stiffly as the counterfeit race horse.

HEFFRON grinned down at him and asserted, "I'll tell the world you're a champ in your own line, brother. You're the noblest single-handed drinker I ever met." The listener's pallid face contracted, a faint shudder of repugnance ran through him. "How are you fixed for car fare?"

"O. K.! But if you had a cup of black coffee in your pocket— All right! Thanks again and happy landing." Suitcase in hand, he meandered across to a dirt road and followed it slowly, wearily.

Heffron watched him for a few moments, then said

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BEYOND CONTROL
Continued from page five]

sharply, "Here comes the truck. Let's step on it."

His helper drew a deep breath. "I'm glad it's over, Jim. I haven't closed my eyes since we left Quebec."

Together they began to tear down the quilts and mattresses with which the stall had been so carefully upholstered, and as they did so they exposed neat tiers of wooden boxes ranged one upon the other and secured in place by car strips. While they were so engaged a furniture van rolled down the road and backed up to the car, its end doors opened, and from its interior two other men emerged. After a word of greeting they also began to move at top speed. Swiftly the cases were transferred to the truck, then all four men disappeared inside of it, the doors were closed and locked, and the vehicle drove away.

Torchon, champion of champions, continued to graze upon the succulent grass near the side track, as did his humble companion. Those shoots were tender, the air was agreeably warm.

At the intersection of the dirt road and the paved thoroughfare stood a huge advertising sign proclaiming the virtues of a popular soft drink. In the shade of this Kent Haddon sat on his suitcase and watched the truck drive up to the express car, load, and drive away. Somberly he gazed after it as it rumbled past him and disappeared in the direction of the city. There was a scowl upon his pleasant features.

. . . . .

It was the next day. Georges Larue sat in his private office on the fortieth floor of the newest Fifth Avenue business structure, a soaring monument topped with a cloud-piercing spire of shining metal. It was a luxurious room, expensively paneled. Outside, a carpeted hallway ran past other larger offices in which perhaps a hundred persons were employed, and led to an anteroom, indirectly lighted, and groined like a Gothic chapel. On the doors were the words, "Georges Larue, Importer."

Mr. Larue was a pleasing young man of about thirty, and although he spoke without accent, his bold, dark eyes, his expressive, animated face, and his lively gestures were as French as his name.

"You see I have both imagination and intuition," he was saying to Jim Heffron. "Something told me those customs men would have eyes for nothing except the great Torchon. As usual, I was right."

"All the same, you might have provided me with an animal that looked like a horse," Heffron said irritably. "You could see his bones through the blanket."

REX BEACH

was born in Michigan, went to school in Florida, and studied law in Chicago. He wrote The Spoilers in 1906, and has been one of America's most popular novelists ever since. A lover of outdoor sports, he has two homes, one in New York, the other in Florida.

"THEREIN lies the choicest flavor of our adventure. To fool those watchdogs of the Treasury with a crow bait—"

"Everything is an 'adventure' to you," Heffron complained. "We had to prop up that skate till we passed Rouses Point. It was funny, at that, with Harvey playing the mouth organ to entertain him, and me warning those inspectors he was as nervous as a woman and please not to go anywhere near him. But, believe me, I had the jitters."

"My dear Jim, our safety and our success depend upon that imagination of mine; upon my boldness and my penchant for the unexpected. Naturally, it wouldn't do to repeat the ruse."

"If you want my idea, the only safe route is by air."

A pretty girl entered the office and laid before her employer a slip of paper bearing a name, at sight of which he started and exclaimed: "Show him in!" To Heffron he said, "Our old friend Haddon."

"Haddon! Still drunk, I'll bet. Who is he, anyhow?"

"He called himself a traveling man."

"Ten to one this is a touch."

"No doubt. On the other hand, he may wish to renew our bond of brotherhood. I seem to remember that we vowed eternal friendship."

"You take some wild chances, Georges, making up with total strangers when you're 'that way.'"

Larue waved a graceful gesture. "True. But I don't often get 'that way.' I don't know whatever induced me to behave so outrageously up there, unless this—this stranger challenged me to outdo him in folly. He amused me greatly, and—"

The door opened to admit the caller. Larue leaped to his feet and advanced with outstretched hand. He and Haddon exchanged greetings, but there was no warmth in the latter's words. He nodded to Heffron, then turned a grim face upon his former drinking companion and said, "I've come to settle with you."

"No hurry about that, old man. I'm delighted to see you."

"I owe you something besides my hotel bill. Here's enough to cover *that*." He tossed a roll of money upon the desk. "Now I'm going to give you a damned good licking."

GEORGES straightened; he opened his lips, but the other went on, "I'm glad you're here, Heffron. I'll stretch it to two—"

"My dear man," Larue exclaimed, "I don't understand! You look sober—"

"I *am* sober."

"What the hell?" Heffron growled. He rose from his chair, at which the caller made a move in his direction, but Georges cried sharply, "Sit down, Jim." To the other he protested, "This is extraordinary. I demand an explanation. Didn't we part good friends? Didn't I pay your bill at the Château and give you a free ride home?"

"You did. And you nearly gave me a free ride up the river." The listeners exchanged glances. "Nobody can make a fool out of me. I saw what came out of that express car."

There was a moment of silence which Heffron broke: "I still don't see how we made a fool of you."

"Where would I be if those customs inspectors had uncovered that liquor?"

"Liquor!" Larue laughed lightly. "I see. But you shouldn't blame Jim for that. The guilt, if any, is mine. A moment, please! I dare say I'd be offended if I were in your place, and I apologize. But, after all, I wasn't thinking very straight up there in Quebec. Seriously, my friend, is it a more heinous crime for me to bring in a truck load of liquor than for you to smuggle a flask on your hip, or hide a quart in the straw, as you did? Both of us broke the law—"

"Damn the law!" the visitor interrupted. "I don't care what you do, but if your Torchon had kicked a case of that Scotch I'd have lost my license. I'm grounded as it is."

"Grounded? What license?" Larue inquired sharply.

"Pilot's license. When a flyer has trouble—"

Georges uttered a sound; a light of incredulity leaped into his dark eyes. "Wait! You're not—not *Casey* Haddon?"

The visitor nodded. "K. C. Haddon. Kenneth Cuthbert, but I'm not responsible for the name. What of it? You've got a sock on the nose coming—"

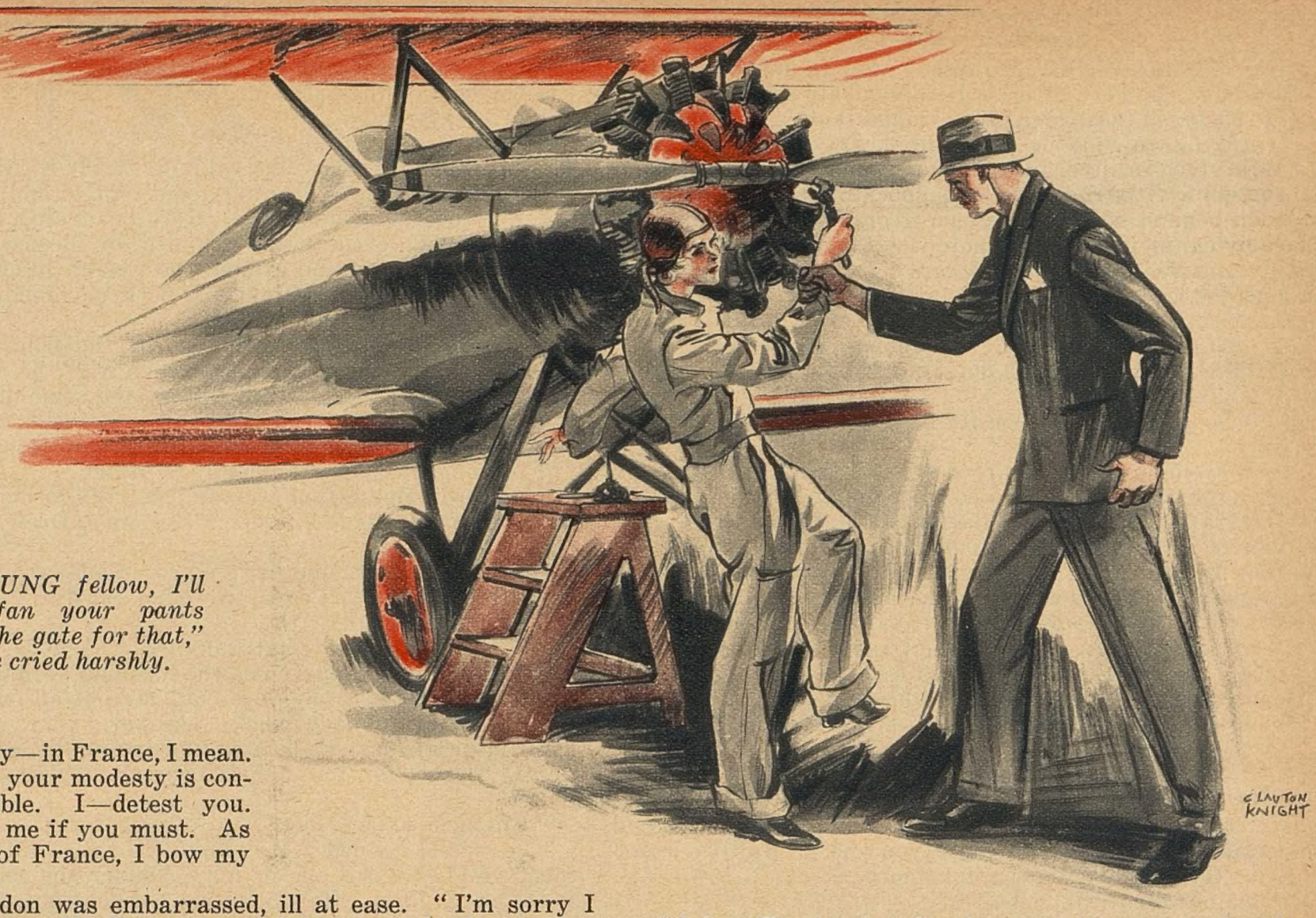
Larue seized his hand, he pumped it vigorously. To Heffron he cried excitedly, "This is Casey Haddon! The best aviator in the world. He has forgotten more about flying than the rest of us will ever learn. He starts where we leave off. Imbecile! Why didn't I guess? Why didn't you make yourself known?"

Guardedly the airman inquired, "Are you a flyer too?"

"Of course! And to think that we were pie-eyed together for days! Jim! This wild man has every medal there is. He'd have more, but they ran out of decorations before the war ended—"

"Nothing of the sort. A lot of good that junk does."

"I'm telling you, Jim! Légion d'Honneur, Victoria Cross, Congressional Medal. Why, he's a demigod in my



"YOUNG fellow, I'll fan your pants out the gate for that," he cried harshly.

country—in France, I mean. Casey, your modesty is contemptible. I—detest you. Strike me if you must. As a son of France, I bow my head."

Haddon was embarrassed, ill at ease. "I'm sorry I tipped myself off, but—you might have ruined me. You can understand—"

"Why didn't you give us a hint?"

"I don't drink very often; when I do I make a job of it. I go off by myself, and that accounts for my presence in Quebec. In my business I can't afford to advertise. So you're in the liquor racket." The speaker seated himself, he smiled faintly, and shook his head. "That's a laugh."

"No, I'm not a professional bootlegger. As a matter of fact, I'm not a racing man either. I have no stable, and Jim doesn't know which end of a horse to put the halter on. It was all a hoax. But it so happens that the real Torchon belongs to a friend of mine in France, and he has bored me to death so many times with chatter about his champion that it gave me an idea. What could be a safer, a more amusing way to bring in a private shipment of merchandise, I asked myself. I assure you that any liquor imported by me in defiance of the law is intended for private consumption; not a drop will be sold."

"That's right," Heffron agreed. "Georges inherited this business from his father. I used to work for the old man. So did Jules and Harvey. We're all reputable business men."

"Suppose one of those mattresses had sprung a leak?"

"BOSH!" Larue shrugged carelessly. "It was a pleasing experiment and worth the chance. But I'm neither hootch- nor horse-minded; all I care to talk about is flying. When you came in just now I expected to find nothing in common between us except memories of a foolish exploit; now we have a real bond. Aviation absorbs every hour of my spare time."

Haddon regarded the speaker with increasing interest. In answer to his questions Georges confessed that he was something more than an amateur flyer. He had a pilot's license and he owned several planes, which he flew for sport and also in connection with his business activities. Furthermore, he had recently purchased a tri-motored Fokker which would be ready for delivery in a few weeks.

This latter intelligence caused Casey Haddon's face to light up. "What do you want of a job like that?" he demanded. "Those ships run into money and they take handling."

"I know."

"Don't you need a good pilot?"

"I do. That's what I've been thinking about for the last few minutes."

"Well?" The famous ace spread his hands in a significant gesture. "I'd like to fly one of those hotels."

But Larue shook his head. "I'm afraid this is no job for a Casey Haddon. I'd like to have Andy Mellon on my pay roll too, but—"

"Now let me tell one. I borrowed that money." The speaker indicated the roll of bills on the desk. "If I had taken a punch at you I couldn't have paid my fine."

"Meaning you're broke?"

"All that and more. Grounded. But the curse will be lifted tomorrow."

"In spite of which, you proposed to beat me up?"

"Certain things have to be done."

"He's part Irish," Heffron declared.

HADDON was disinclined to talk about himself, but upon urging he did so. He was in trouble, he confessed; in fact, he had been in trouble for some time. Two years before, he had been in the mail service but he had cracked up twice. Neither accident had been due to any fault of his, so he declared, nevertheless he had been let out. Following that, he had been grounded for stunting too low over San Diego, and, finally, he had crashed a ship during a pay flight, killing his passenger. The latter had frozen to the stick, he asserted, but he did not go into details. Larue remembered the accident. He also recalled reading that Casey's breath had smelled of liquor.

"After that I did stunts in Hollywood during the filming of a big air picture. Then I barnstormed with an aërial circus. But you have to break your neck nowadays or the hicks think you're holding out. I had a hunch finally; something told me to quit. Luck runs in streaks, and I've been getting some bad breaks. I'm in an air pocket. I was grounded again lately, and— Well, it made me thirsty to see Quebec. Thanks to you, I succeeded."

Haddon made out a good case for himself, but Larue was sufficiently familiar with his record to fill in the pauses and the omissions; he realized plainly enough, too, that it was not the man's hard luck which had led him to drink but exactly the converse. Whisky had caused his misfortunes. Nevertheless the importer was impressed; admiration, sympathy, a genuine liking for the man

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BEYOND CONTROL
Continued from page seven]

exerted a powerful pull upon him. In his eyes Casey Haddon, the hero of a hundred combats and a thousand harebrained escapades, was a romantic figure. He was a world figure too; he was admittedly one of the most skillful flyers alive, and aviation owed him an overwhelming debt. It struck Larue as shocking, outrageous, that such a man, whatever his shortcomings, should have to turn his talents to aërial acrobatics and be forced to pick up pennies from peanut eaters by wing walking, triple parachute jumps, outside loops, and other death-defying performances.

"No job for me, eh?" Haddon grinned mirthlessly. "I'll fly a hand sled or a dog crate. You name the terms. I've got to eat."

"Georges had a reason for buying a big ship," Heffron said. "He's going to—"

His employer interrupted with a laugh. "And you thought you had fallen among bootleggers! To tell you the truth, I have no hesitation about breaking any law which I consider iniquitous or oppressive—that's the road to reform. I have no scruples, for instance, about evading the restrictions of the Eighteenth Amendment, for I was raised among the vineyards of France and I've seen those wine growers all but ruined by this farce of ours. I should explain, by the way, that I'm an American citizen. But the business of rumrunning is in hands more capable than mine. No, Jim and I are not members of the burlap aristocracy."

"Lay off the subject of drink, will you?" Haddon's brow was wrinkled plaintively. "I'm a dry."

"In principle, so am I. In practice—" Larue laughed again. "What fools we were, you and I. But life is one entertaining adventure after another."

"How about that job?"

"Let's go to lunch. I know a place where we can get—"

"Don't say it." The pilot closed his eyes.

"—the finest clam-juice cocktail in New York."

Not long thereafter the three men were seated at a hotel table.

When the host had ordered, Haddon said, "Heffron told me, coming over, that you bought that Fokker to set a new endurance record."

"Correct."

"A transatlantic flight from here to Moscow or—farther. That's my dish. I'll take her up with more load and fly her farther—"

"I expect to pilot her myself."

"SHE'LL take two pilots."

"I think Casey is just the man," Heffron began, but he fell silent when Larue's glance clashed with his.

"Listen," the ace persisted eagerly. "I know all that such a flight involves and I can beat any record ever set. I'll fly her to hell if the gas holds out, and it's just the break I've been waiting for." After a moment he went on more quietly, "You needn't fear that I'll get tight, either. I'll give you my word, my bond. Take me on for a while, try me out. I'll test the ship for you, I'll put her in shape to fly the last mile that's in her, and when you're ready to hop off take me or leave me, as you see fit. Try me. You won't be sorry."

"All right. You're on," said Larue.

It was not until the luncheon was over and Haddon had left with a hearty handshake and a new light in his eyes, that Larue and Heffron had the chance of a word together. Then the importer said irritably:

"You had to butt in, didn't you?"

"I'm glad I did. Heaven sent us that flying fool."

"He's no fool. That's the trouble."

"D'you think for a minute the papers would fall for that flight with you and some taxi driver at the wheel? Haddon will give it a front."

"The man is a—hero."

"Oh, my God!" Heffron groaned. "Will you grow up?"

"He's honest, too."

"Yeah? Try cutting him in."

Larue drew a deep breath; it was almost a sigh. "What a misfortune to be a sentimentalist! I still have illusions. I worship the lesser gods. Casey Haddon! He fought for France, he trod the paths of glory. It's a—pity."

II

IT was a pleasant day, and over Roosevelt Field a number of planes were droning about on test and practice flights. Several student flyers were practicing landings and take-offs; other ships handled by licensed pilots came and went; in and around the gaping hangars mechanics in overalls were tinkering with machines of every type.

A reporter was talking to one of the field officials. "Can't you give me some dope on the girl?" he inquired. "I came out purposely to get a story and some pictures."

"She may pose for you but I doubt if she'll say much. You know how those Who's Whoozers hate interviews."

"Is flying just another hobby with her?"

"Oh, no! Her father was an ace. It's in her blood."

The reporter made a note. "Holcombe Drew, isn't it, spelled with an e?"

"That's her grandmother's name. Cadence lives with her. Her father was Leo Drew. Shot down in France—"

"Now I remember."

"She takes to the air naturally. She's—*good.* I mean for the amount of experience she has had. Simply crazy about flying, too. Why, she's out here at all hours and goes up with anybody who'll take her. I ran into her after midnight last week prowling around in an evening dress. Larue was with her, of course; they'd come from a dance—"

"Engaged, aren't they?"

The official nodded. "He's having a ship built for her. Meanwhile she uses one of his. Yonder she comes now with Joe Quillan. He's teaching her to stunt, and *does he like it?* He'd probably loop the power line if I wasn't here."

A plane dived at the field with hair-raising speed, banked, and leveled off against the wind. As it approached, the reporter hurried forward. The official called after him:

"Make her take off her helmet and you'll get a real picture. She's famous for her hair."

The ship landed, taxied up to the line, stopped, and Quillan clambered out, then gave a hand to his companion. Miss Cadence Drew was dressed in a white linen flying suit, and her face was radiant as she leaped to the ground.

"Thanks, Joe. That was lovely."

Quillan smiled broadly. "Ten o'clock tomorrow! We'll bust some clouds if there are any."

"That's a date. I'll take you up in my ship when it comes. You get the second trip."

"What's the matter with the first one?"

"I promised Georges."

Quillan's face fell. "I hope he's taken down with dandruff. If that new crate is speedy I'll make him chase us to Canada."

Miss Drew laughed lightly, then her expression changed. "Oh, damn!" she exclaimed. "Here comes a kill-joy."

She was on the point of running when the reporter called to her and a moment later introduced himself.

"Go away!" she told him crossly. "I don't want to be interviewed."

"I understand you're awfully good at flying," said he. "Won't you give me five minutes?"

"No. I'm busy."

"Sure she's good at flying," Quillan declared. "It comes natural—"

"Fine! That's what I want to know."

"Who cares whether I'm learning to fly or not?" Miss Drew demanded. "I'm only one of a hundred—"

"What about your new ship? Won't you pose for a second? I hate to annoy people, but that's how I make a living, and if I go back without a picture—"

"All right. Here, Joe, stand up and grin for me. I always look dirt at a camera. This is Mr. Quillan, a mail pilot. He's as good as Lindy. A thousand hours without

an accident. He made the first flight to Bermuda and back. Age thirty-two, unmarried, addicted to frosted chocolates and blancmange—the stuff that heroes are made of."

With alacrity the mail pilot stepped to his flying companion's side. "Shoot, stranger, and send me a print for framing."

"Would you mind removing your helmet, Miss Drew?"

Miss Drew did mind; for an instant she hesitated, then snatched it off, exposing a head of hair so blonde, so colorless, that it shone in the sun like silver. It was a head of hair which society reporters and Sunday rotogravure sections had made familiar. It was straight and ordinarily it was smoothly combed, but now it was in magnificent disorder. "Gosh! This is so silly," its owner murmured resentfully.

The camera clicked, Quillan made off, the reporter shot question after question. Miss Drew, he learned, was working hard to earn her pilot's license; in a short time she would have a ship of her own. She was vastly excited at the prospect. Her interest in aviation was nothing new; she had always been wild about it. No, she was not the least bit timid and height had no terrors for her.

Straight flying was absurdly simple, and ships nowadays all but flew themselves. Some of the stunts were a bit terrifying at first, until you got the feel of them and knew how to come out—

Yes, she was learning this game from the ground up instead of from the air down, and for that reason she was right now dismantling, overhauling, and reassembling a motor. It was the least exciting, but one of the most important, parts of her training; so important, in fact, that she could no longer stand here grinding out foolish copy.

She jerked her helmet into place, vigorously poked her hair up under it until not a wisp was showing. This done, she said darkly, "Now, young man, I sent strychnine to the last writer who described me as a 'platinum blonde.' And don't call me 'tiger-eyed' either, or I'll—claw."

It was a head of hair which society reporters had made familiar. "Gosh! This is so silly," its owner murmured.

FROM her listener's expression it was plain he would enjoy being scratched by this impulsive young creature. Boldly he said, "I've got to say you're beautiful or I'd be lying. You don't want me to lie, do you?"

"I don't care what you do if you'll go away and never bother me again." With a curt good-by Miss Drew made off in the direction of Georges Larue's hangar. She wondered why people were so silly as to make a fuss over every good-looking girl, however dumb she happened to be. These reporters always referred to her as "beautiful" or "ravishing" or "intoxicating"; they never referred to her as accomplished or brilliant or distinguished. Well, one of these days perhaps they would vary the old formula and describe her as the "skillful aviatrix," the "famous flyer." It was much better to be famous than good-looking, for beauty was a drug on the market these days; it was becoming disgustingly "common." Think of the army of "Miss Americas," "Miss Miamis," and "Miss Wagon-Wheel Gaps." All in a twilight sleep. Nine out of ten entirely numb above the brassière.

Georges Larue maintained a small office in a corner of the hangar where his planes were kept, and there he and Haddon found Jules Devereaux. Casey remembered the latter quite well now. Several telegrams were awaiting the importer, and as he read them the other two men exchanged reminiscences of those nights in Quebec.

"The oil companies have heard about our transatlantic flight," Georges said. "They all want to supply the gas. Jules, you're talking to the man who will probably pilot us to glory and the front page."

"Who do you mean?"

"Kenneth C. Haddon. Casey—"

"*Casey* Haddon!" Jules was astounded, incredulous. "Are *you* Casey Haddon?"

"That's what they call me."

"For heaven's sake, why didn't you make yourself known?" Jules stared at the famous aviator with a wholly new expression in his eyes. "Imagine us, stewed together in the same juice for a week and never saying a word! I'm as foolish as Georges is about flying."

"Jules is a pretty fair pilot and a crackajack navigator," Larue explained. "You and he have your work cut out, getting ready. I hope you can pull together."

With a smile Haddon told his employer, "If I can drink with a man I can usually work with him."

"GOOD. I must call the Fokker plant now and arrange for you to watch the finishing touches to the Blue Bird. Meanwhile you're probably itching to look over my other ships. They're your babies from now on, and it's your job to see that they act pretty. The Travelair is partly pulled down. Give 'em a look." He waved Haddon toward the hangar floor. "I'll join you shortly."

Larue, it seemed, had gone in for flying with his customary extravagance, for he already owned three ships—two open jobs and a larger cabin plane. As Haddon left the office he told himself that he was certainly in great luck to fall in with a man rich enough to afford not one but a fleet of private planes. As a matter of fact, his good fortune—the first in months, in years—rather dazed him. More extraordinary still was this opportunity to take part in a record-smashing endurance flight. Opportunity had knocked at last, and he proposed to heed it.

He saw at a glance that all of Larue's ships were new and speedy and this gave him another pleasurable tingle.

The smallest of the three planes and the last in line was undergoing repairs, for its cowl was off and a youth in a mechanic's baggy suit was dismantling its motor. Casey felt an irresistible desire to assist in the work, and promised himself that immediate pleasure. Pleasure? It was a part of his job. As he approached the plane he heard a profane exclamation, a wrench fell to the concrete floor, and he saw the young man thrust a knuckle into his mouth. With a cry, the boy snatched the wrench and struck the motor. He repeated the blow. He raised his arm a third time only to have the tool plucked from his fingers and feel himself yanked backward.

Haddon respected machinery and loved airplanes. Such a childish display of temper excited both his contempt and his anger. "Young fellow, I'll fan your pants out the gate for that!" he cried harshly.

"You'll—what?" The youth turned a stormy, startled face up to his, and Casey released his hold as if he had made contact with a live wire.

"I beg pardon," he stammered.

A girl! A pretty girl, too.

Casey couldn't know that his startling encounter with Cadence was the signal for a series of breath-taking exploits. Follow their adventures next week.

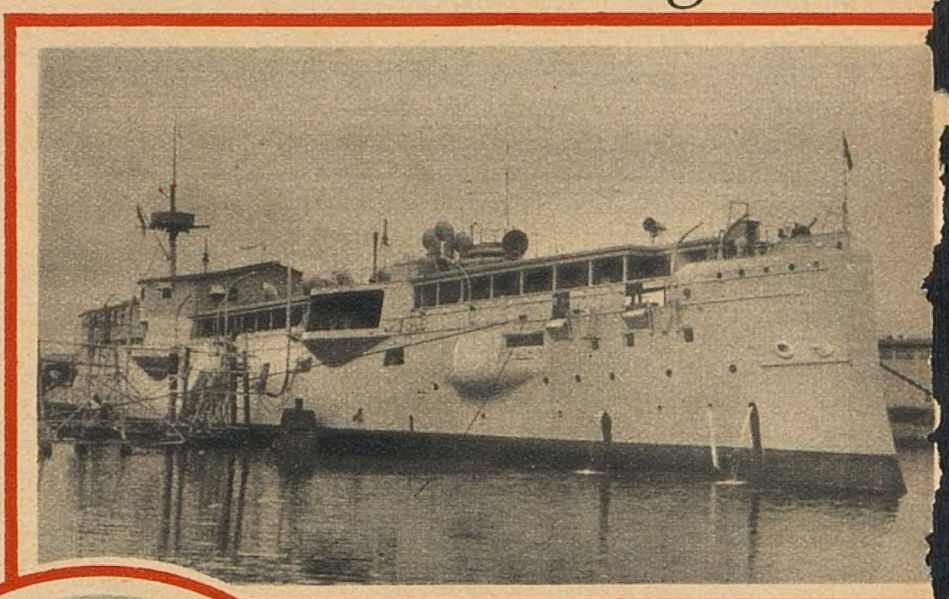
The HONOLULU

MRS. GRANVILL

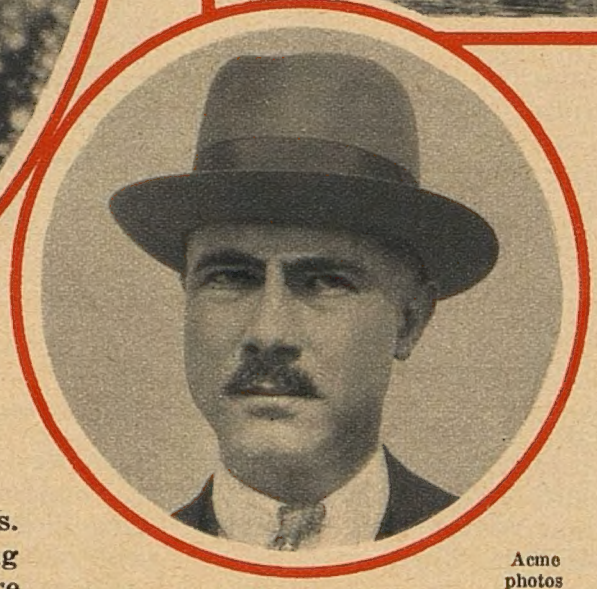
Tells Her Own Inside Story of Her Arres
Death of Kahahawai, and of t
She Awaite

Harris & Ewing photo

Mrs. Fortescue, from a studio portrait.



The U. S. S. Alton, on which the indicted four were held.



Acme photos

Robert Bell, Mrs. Fortescue's brother, who crossed half the world to stand at her side.

(Reading time: 22 minutes 45 seconds.)

BEGINNING her story in Liberty last week, Mrs. Fortescue explained that her purpose in telling it was to set forth conditions in a territory "where justice is a mockery." She proceeded to recount in her own words the death of the Hawaiian, Kahahawai.

She and her three associates were not breaking the law, she maintains; they were endeavoring to aid it. The trial of Kahahawai and the four other natives accused by her daughter, Mrs. Massie, of outrage had ended in a disagreement. The one way to bring about a conviction on the retrial would be to get a confession. A conviction would, above all, dispel the vile slanders to which Mrs. Massie, as the complaining witness, was being subjected.

Mrs. Fortescue evolved the idea of creating, by means of a bogus warrant, an opportunity to question Kahahawai. When they had him in her house, Lieutenant Massie questioned him and wrung from him the words, "Yeah, we done it." Mrs. Fortescue turned away for paper and pen, heard a shot, turned back to see the Hawaiian dead and her son-in-law "transfixed . . . unconscious on his feet."

She and the two navy enlisted men, Jones and Lord, then prepared to put the body in a car. They needed a rope, and she got one from the Massies' bungalow.

Part Two—Darrow to Our Defense

LORD met me at the door. He pointed to the sedan. "If you will start that motor, Mrs. Fortescue, we'll be right out."

"How is Lieutenant Massie?"

"He'll be all right. Just out on his feet. You often see men knocked out like that in boxing. He'll come to."

And so I went to the sedan and backed it halfway out from the garage. I leaned across to the rear seat and pulled down the curtain to shut out curious, unwelcome eyes.

At last out the kitchen door came the men, carrying their burden roped in a sheet. I had wanted to go alone. But the men said, no; Lord would go with me and, after he had cleaned up, Jones would take Lieutenant Massie back to the Navy Yard. As I started to back the car down the driveway, Jones said, "Wait. Take Lieutenant Massie in with you. He'll come to in the air." He went into the house, and came out leading the still dazed figure.

I backed the car down the garage drive, and circled up the hill to University Avenue. To the sea!

At the corner of Isenberg Road and Waialae Avenue stood a group of men. In the mirror I looked back at them. They seemed to be watching us, conferring together. Two of them crossed toward a parked machine. One was a police officer. Still watching, I saw the officer start the car. The road curved. Out of sight, I put on speed. A touring car was coming toward us down the wide new roadway.

As the car following me rounded the turn, I saw the man beside the driver signal to the approaching automobile. It slowed down as I passed. Then it turned and joined in the pursuit.

Two shots rang out. Our car rocked and wavered. A tire! I drew up at the side of the road. The two patrol cars closed in on us. A policeman jerked open the door

MARTYRDOM

FORTESCUE

Arraignment, and Indictment After the Weeks During Which, in Custody, Trial for Murder

In this car police found the body of Kahahawai.

Lieutenant Massie as he looked aboard the Alton.

Acme photos

Clarence Darrow arrives in Hawaii and is garlanded with a welcoming lei.

beside me. A pistol was pushed in my face.

"Hands up! Hands up! Get out of the car!" We obeyed. Two police officers ran their hands over the two men, searching for weapons.

"Search the woman!"

They came toward me. "I have no gun."

The two patrol cars had closed in at either side of the blue sedan. A cordon of policemen surrounded us.

I crossed to the side of the road, sat down on a rock. On the road all was confusion.

I have no imagination, and without it one can have no fear. I did not envision the walls of the Oahu prison closing about me. We had not planned a wrong. What had happened was a deeply to be regretted, all unforeseen accident. In my mind echoed the sullen voice of the repulsive figure: "Yeah, we done it." Those words, a confession of the crime, had brought to the mind of the tortured young husband a picture of the beast attacking his wife, striking her in the jaw as she played. Automatically the hand holding the revolver had tightened.

I turned my eyes from the sea toward the lone figure. Sitting in the rear seat of one of the police cars, still tense, Tommie had raised his arm across his eyes as if trying to shut out the vision haunting him.

I glanced at the other boy, the sailor Lord. Handcuffs encircled his wrists, fastened so tightly the marks were visible the next day. He was seated in the back of a closed car, an armed guard on either side. He watched the gathering crowd as if he played no part in the scene.

We waited on the rocks over an hour. The news of the death of the Hawaiian brought crowds of curious out to the cliff. Newspaper men asked my name. I did not give it. I did not foresee the publicity before us. I did not know then that only because of that publicity, because of knowing the true story of the whole affair, would the American people demand justice for us after justice had failed in the Hawaiian court. My one feeling then was intense relief that with Kahahawai's confession the cruel torture for my daughter ended.

Another police car joined the group.

"Good work, Harbottle, catching them. Saw the shade pulled down and got suspicious, did you?"

I GLANCED at the blue sedan. The side curtain which I had pulled down to prevent neighbors seeing us was still tightly drawn.

"Yes, sir," said Harbottle. "Something always wrong if a car curtain is drawn."

Our capture was directly due to that drawn curtain! If I hadn't pulled it down, if I had thought to raise it again, if—if— Was I sorry? No; with all my heart I was glad it was all out in the open.

"This way, please, in this car." A policeman led me to the rear seat of an open touring car. Then a burly khaki-dressed native officer brushed him aside, saying: "No. Get her out. Put her in the police wagon. We'll show her what's coming to her."

Lieutenant Massie, Lord, and I were ordered into the side-seated patrol wagon. On the floor at our feet they pushed in the long wicker basket.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE HONOLULU MARTYRDOM
Continued from page eleven]

Police cars with shrill sirens headed us; motorcycles flanked each side; in rear followed the procession—more police cars, motors of the curious, runabouts with reporters and photographers. Before we reached Honolulu newsboys shouted extras. At the city hospital the grim basket was taken out. Then on we drove to the Administration Building. A mob had collected at the door. We were hurried through it and up the broad stairway.

"Mrs. Fortescue will wait in here." A policeman opened a door to what was evidently an office. The door closed behind me. I was alone. Perhaps an hour I sat there.

Presently the hall door opened and a large woman, the half-Portuguese police matron, entered. She asked me how my daughter was and spoke of having seen her in September at the police station. "Her face was bloody and swollen. She looked just dreadful. I felt real sorry for her, poor little thing."

Sympathy from a police matron! Later on I learned she had children of her own, little girls.

The door of the adjoining room opened abruptly. A man entered. His voice ordered, "Stand up, please." A familiar figure was brought into the room. "Do you know this man?" "Certainly," I replied. "It is Jones. He was Mrs. Massie's guard." "That's all." The door closed, shutting out the two. Later I learned that Jones, after our departure, had gone to Lieutenant Massie's home. There the police found him. He was searched. The warrant was found in his pocket, the revolver clip with his cigarettes.

A few minutes passed. Again the connecting door opened. Again the man entered. Turning to the police matron, he said: "I want to have Mrs. Fortescue identified. Fetch in some of the stenographers. Let them put on their hats and stand in a circle. I wish Uli to pick out Mrs. Fortescue, to identify her without question."

Solemnly from adjoining office rooms the matron ushered in four stenographers. Large and swarthy, their dark faces framed in picturesque lei-trimmed hats, they stood around me in a half circle. I stood in the center, my small black hat drawn tightly down on my small pale face. At a given signal the door swung wide. The man came in accompanied by an insignificant-looking native, him whom earlier that morning I had seen with Kahahawai. The native, Uli, pointed a finger at me. "That is the woman."

Again a long wait. Then, "Bring Mrs. Fortescue in here." I entered the adjoining room.

Acme photo

Circuit Judge Albert M. Cristy.

SEATED in a circle around the room were men in naval uniform, men in civilian clothes, men in police khaki. Admiral Stirling was there, Captain Wortman, Commander Bates, Attorney-General Harry Hewitt, and the officers who had arrested us. At the big desk in the center sat the assistant city and county attorney, Griffith Wight.

"Sit down here, please, Mrs. Fortescue, and answer these questions. You are the mother-in-law of Lieutenant Thomas H. Massie?"

"Yes."

"Did you drive down in front of the Circuit Court office this morning?"

"Yes."

"Exactly where did you park this morning in relation to the front door? How many cars were parked between you and the front door?"

And then followed a series of equally odd questions; to me they seemed useless and irrelevant.

Neither at that time nor since have I understood why our lawyers advised us to say nothing. Such was the first injunction Mr. Thompson impressed upon us when he came to the Judiciary Building in answer to our request that he act as our lawyer: "Say nothing." Tommie, Lord, and I were allowed to consult with him alone in the administration room. There we told him the story of the morning. Again he reiterated: "Make no statement. Let them believe what they will. Say nothing."

He told us that the admiral had arranged we should be given into the custody of the navy. There existed an agreement between the civic and military authorities that for minor crimes the soldiers and sailors would be turned over to their commanding officers. This did not hold in our case, but the police authorities, fearing a mob riot if we were held in jail in Honolulu, had agreed to allow Admiral Stirling to hold us incommunicado on board the U. S. S. Alton pending an indictment. Mr. Thompson explained, however, that first we would be taken to Honolulu jail, photographed, fingerprinted, and charged.

HEAVILY guarded, we were hustled into a police car, then driven through back streets to the Honolulu jail. But the news of our transfer had spread. Angry mobs milled about the jail entrance. One native, shouting, "We'll get 'em!" lunged toward us, fist raised. The police pushed him back. Our guards ran us through the prison corridor, the steel gates clanked behind us. Lieutenant Massie and Lord were put in one of the cells. I was taken to the matron's room.

"Mother—oh, mother!" A tear-stained little figure came into the room.

"Helene!" My arms embraced the child. My heart was torn at the sight of her suffering. "Helene dear, don't cry. Everything is all right. Don't worry, dear." I tried to comfort her. She was so distressed. And then, "Where is Thalo?"

"She is with Tommie."

I opened the door. In the steel-barred corridor outside Tommie and Thalia were coming toward us.

"Through here, please; this way." The matron's massive key unlocked the bars. She led me into a small room not unlike a doctor's office. There my fingerprints were taken.

After that I was photographed, full-face, profile. Mr. Thompson had come into the room.

"They have already checked Lieutenant Massie and the sailor. You are to be charged now and then turned over to naval custody."

We passed down dark stairs into a small courtroom. There Tommie and Lord and I stood while Sheriff Gleason read the charge: "Murder in the first degree."

But it wasn't murder!

We should never have been indicted. The grand jury realized that when they met two weeks later to investigate our case.

We had not broken the law. We were trying to aid the law. Without a confession we knew there was no chance of clearing the slime deliberately smeared on a girl's character.

We had obtained that confession, and then—an overwrought mind had gone blank—

The grand jury convened the second week in January. Judge Davis read them their instructions: "And, gentlemen of the jury, if it is your belief that the evidence be such that no jury will convict, it is your solemn duty to render a verdict of 'No bill.'"

Judge Cristy, to whom the grand jury later reported, refuted that solemn charge. He refused to allow their return of "No bill." He declared that the peace and safety of Honolulu was involved; he declared that the vital issue was racial hatred. He forced the jurors to return an indictment: "Murder in the second degree."

Two grand jurors immediately resigned. Judge Cristy arbitrarily removed another. The grand jurors protested in vain. In vain did certain better-class citizens object. Why? Was it fear of the polyglot population, the mixed-breed Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, who hold the power of the vote?

Since the 8th of January Lieutenant Massie, the two

sailors, and I had been imprisoned on the U. S. S. Alton, an old warship permanently anchored in the mud at Pearl Harbor. The ship was used as a general mess hall and club for the submarine officers. Some of the bachelors had their rooms on the top deck. A large cabin opening from the main mess hall was the captain's quarters. As Captain Wortman was married and lived in Honolulu, this cabin was kept for visiting admirals.

Here I lived for four months. A round table where all my meals were served centered the room; a curtained alcove held my bed, a wardrobe, and a chest of drawers. On the window ledge stood gay tropic flowers sent from the gardens of friends. Other friends had taken my elder daughter into their home, loving her, caring for her, comforting her.

Lieutenant Massie was quartered in one of the cabins on the Alton's top deck. Jones and Lord lived below. A sentry guarded the gangway to the Alton day and night. We four were prisoners of the navy.

On the deck of the Alton, the afternoon of January 26, Lieutenant Massie, Lord, Jones, and I waited for the finding of the grand jurors. We expected to be freed. We had been told that fourteen of the grand jury strongly opposed any indictment.

Three, four, five o'clock, and still we waited. No word. The sailors left for their evening meal, brought to them by a sentry from the enlisted men's mess hall on the shore. Tommie and I went down to the cabin. My daughter had been in town all day waiting in case she should be summoned before the grand jury. Just before the sunset bugle she came in. One glance at her face told the story. "You haven't heard? They indicted you—all of you! Oh, Tommie, Tommie!"

I left them, the two, together.

Sorrows and joys can only be shared with the one who means most of all.

Wide World photo

This picture of Mrs. Fortescue was snapped within the hour that followed her arrest, as she sat on the rock by the roadside, with police all around her.

My husband was in New York, desperately ill with pneumonia. More than ever I longed to have him beside me then. Across an ocean and a continent, six thousand miles away, my heart went out to him. When would I see him again? What would the future bring? Would our trial be a mockery of justice?

In the Ala Moana trial, in spite of positive identification, in spite of conclusive evidence, the facts had been distorted, testimony discredited. Would the same thing happen again?

I WATCHED the sun sink behind the lined submarines. Bugles sounded "Retreat"—the evening call. Every sailor stood motionless saluting the flag.

And then I remembered the two men, Lord and Jones. I would have to break the news to them. During the past three weeks, the long days we had been incommunicado on the Alton, I had learned to know those two boys. Jones, with his stories of the enlisted man's life, his intelligent comments on what might be done to make the "gob" less discontented in Hawaii, his pride in his squad of boxers, boys he was training to represent the submarine flotilla in the army, navy, and marine boxing competitions. Lord was one of his boys, and he was proud of him. He made him practice daily on the upper deck, skipping rope, shadow boxing, to keep in training.

To others they were simply "the two enlisted men." To me they were two boys for whose lives I was deeply responsible.

My heart heavy, I went down to the men's quarters. "They have indicted us all—murder in the second degree."

The following week we were taken down to make our pleas. We knew the feeling among the natives was running high against us, fostered by self-seeking politicians who feared governmental interference from Washington.

Mrs. Ann Kleugel, who organized the Citizens' Better Government movement, had received verbal orders from the Territorial Administration forbidding her to hold further meetings.

"Until I receive that command in writing from Governor Judd himself, I refuse to obey," she said.

SHE held her mass meeting. The hall was crowded with men and women demanding reform. Our case had precipitated the exposure of conditions which had long existed in the territory, but the truth of which had been ignored, if not actually suppressed.

No wonder we felt our lives would be in danger when we motored to the Judiciary Building that morning. Heavily guarded, we were taken to court. In the courtroom I saw a blur of dark faces, sensed a murmur of hate. We were seated on the bench just below the judge's stand, an officer on either side of us.

Judge Cristy entered. Our attorney signaled us to stand up.

"Grace Fortescue, you are charged with murder in the second degree. Your plea?"

"I am not guilty, Judge Cristy."

"Thomas H. Massie, you are charged with murder in the second degree. Your plea?"

"Not guilty."

"Albert O. Jones?—Edward J. Lord?"

"Not guilty." "Not guilty."

As each of us in turn stood up to give our plea, the crowd behind seemed to tense. When the last "Not guilty" was entered, our lawyer signaled us to leave. We turned. Just behind me sat four white women. I did not know them, but their faces expressed sympathy. Every other face, enmity. Hisses followed us as we filed down the aisle.

Outside, through the armed path we were hurried into the waiting motor. Not quite fast enough. One man jumped from the crowd and tried to hit Lieutenant Massie. A policeman pulled him off. The car started. A motor cop on either side, we were rushed back to the protection of the Navy Yard.

That afternoon on the Alton four women came to see me; the friendly strangers who had shown sympathy in court.

"Let us introduce ourselves, Mrs. Fortescue. We are

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

members of the Civic Organization for Better Government. We want you to know that we sympathized with your daughter in the Ala Moana trial. We were warned not to enter the courtroom then. In your trial, however, we are going to stand behind you. Every time you come to court, some of us will be there."

During the month of our trial, night after night, those women stood outside the courtroom door, waiting in line so they could keep that promise. They were always seated just behind me.

Loyal friends, giving us their aid. Loyal citizens of their land, trying to prove to the world that there are many in Honolulu who uphold the white man's standard, demanding safety for all women, Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiians, white.

"Mr. Robert Bell arrives today on the Maui to be with his sister, Mrs. Fortescue." Over and over I read the newspaper statement. Ten days before, I had received my brother's cable from New York: "Coming to Honolulu." Across half a world, leaving work, home, friends, my brother was coming to be with me, to stand by my side during the trial. He would arrive any minute now.

Up on deck I watch the distant road. A motor is coming. It stops. A man gets out. He is coming across the long causeway, up the gangway. "Bobby!"

With him came our lawyer. Down in the cabin Mr. Thompson first intimated to us his desire that we engage a mainland lawyer to aid in our defense.

"If my own son were in the position that you are in, I should sacrifice my last cent to get a lawyer from the mainland. That's how strongly I feel about it."

I was astonished at the seriousness with which our attorney considered our case. A mistrial, a second trial, again a hung jury. That we had confidently expected.

"WE are perfectly content to have you handle our case, Mr. Thompson. We are not worried as to the outcome."

"You do not realize the feeling against you, the bitterness this has aroused. I can handle the law question, but a well known lawyer from the States is essential to help with the jury."

I thought Mr. Thompson exaggerated the danger.

That afternoon a commander's wife came out to see me. She gave the naval viewpoint. "It is not just you and Lieutenant Massie who are on trial. The whole navy is involved. When Admiral Pratt made his statement that American men will not stand for the violation of their women, he took it out of your hands. You owe it to the navy to do everything in your power to prove to the world, and most particularly to the people in Honolulu, that there is something involved besides just the freedom of you four."

Wide World photo

Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, Jr., who arranged that the four should be held in naval custody.

I hadn't looked at it that way. To me it had seemed just a personal matter. Perhaps, after all, we should accept the offer made by enlisted men and officers to contribute toward our defense. Perhaps we should allow our friends in America to help us. Perhaps we did owe it to the navy to get a lawyer who would show to the nation that a principle was involved—not just four human beings.

I told the admiral how I felt. He replied:

"It's bigger than the navy, Mrs. Fortescue. It's a question of America."

That night I sent a radiogram. A friend had offered her aid; and now I turned to accept that offer. The next day came her reply, dated Havana:

DISTINGUISHED NEW YORK LAWYER HERE ON VACATION SUGGESTS CLARENCE H DARROW OF CHICAGO A NATIONALLY KNOWN CRIMINAL LAWYER HAVE TELEPHONED MY SON IN NEW YORK TO REPRESENT ME MEANWHILE BOTH HE AND DUDLEY FIELD MALONE HAVE TELEPHONED DARROW WHO IS WILLING TO CONSIDER THE MATTER.

Clarence Darrow. His name to me then just meant a criminal lawyer who had defended the two boys in the Loeb-Leopold case; an atheist who had defended Scopes in the evolution case in Tennessee. I knew he was a great man, the best known criminal lawyer in the United States. But I did not know then that he was a true friend of humanity.

Cables went back and forth. When the news leaked out almost at once we realized the influence of his name. One paper, before strongly antagonistic toward us, now questioned whether Mr. Darrow would take our case unless he were convinced it was right in principle.

The American newspapers took a new interest in the trial.

On March 26 Mr. Darrow arrived. "Well, Mr. Bell," he said, "I don't see why you needed to have me over here. I think those clients of mine will be acquitted all right, don't you?"

Acquitted? Until his arrival the question of an acquittal had not come into anybody's mind, though the strong probability of a hung jury and the possibility that Governor Judd would order the case dismissed sooner than go to the expense of a second trial had been frequently discussed. To us he Clarence Darrow brought new hope.

Acme photo

A. O. Jones and, at the right, E. J. Lord, on board the U. S. S. Alton.

Mrs. Fortescue's absorbing description of her own trial for murder, in Liberty next week, will conclude her story of The Honolulu Martyrdom.

TEENS - TWENTIES - THIRTIES - FORTIES

Which star is nearest your age?

"I'm 18"
VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN

"I'm 20"
JEAN HARLOW

"I'm 27"
DOROTHY MACKAILL

"I'm 38"
ETHEL CLAYTON

"Beauty is not a matter of Birthdays"

Screen Stars declare—and these pictures prove it

Which one of these lovely favorites is near *your* age? Do you, too, know that beauty is not at all a matter of birthdays? "We *must* keep youthful charm right through the years," the stage and screen stars say—"in spite of birthdays!"

Looking at these recent photographs you want to know their secret! "To keep youthful charm you must guard complexion beauty *very* carefully," they declare. "Youthful skin is absolutely necessary."

How do these stars stay so ravishingly young looking? How do they guard complexion beauty? "*We* use Lux Toilet Soap," they say. "Regular care with this nice white soap does wonders for the skin!"

9 out of 10 screen stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 guard their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios.

Why don't *you* try this gentle, fragrant white soap—start using it today!

"I'm 34"
BEVERLY BAYNE

"I'm 40"
IRENE RICH

Lux Toilet Soap

Cap'n

The Story of Three Brave Men Who Risked Their Lives for a Woman

(Reading time: 23 minutes 20 seconds.)

CAP'N CHESNEY, of the Chesney Dredge and Derrick Company, was the last of a salty, rugged race. Also, she was a girl—dark-haired, deep-eyed, lovely. As she stood at the window of her office and stared out into the storm-lashed night, her eyes were full of anguish. Beside her a single electric bulb glowed above the massive time-scarred desk at which three generations of Chesneys had carried on, and its rays revealed the pictures of many brave craft adorning the walls—mementos of ships that had flown the Chesney flag with honor, and passed.

Wearily the Cap'n turned from the window, crossed to the desk, and stood looking down at the flimsy of a government radiogram that read:

TARPON LIGHT EIGHT FIFTEEN P M CHESNEY D AND D PILEDRIVER BARGE STILL AFLOAT BUT BREAKING UP NO HOPE

The Cap'n sank into the wide chair, and her head drooped down on to her arms flung out across the desk. To the raging crash and bang of the storm the choking sound of her sobs was added in the little office. The last of the Chesneys was ashamed of those tears; but this last straw of disaster made the weight of the past six months' misfortunes just too much for her to bear dry-eyed.

The loss of the great driver barge would spell finis for the company. All the sly smiles of business associates—men—which had met her announcement that the firm would carry on, after the old cap'n's death, would now be justified. She had failed—had failed all those other Chesneys who had so successfully gone before. The name must disappear. It hurt—hurt terribly.

And aboard the big pile-driver barge itself, out there in the caldron of chaotic waters, bravely struggling against the fury of the semitropical hurricane, but doomed, was the man that Cap'n Chesney loved.

At the entrance to Talpa Bay, where the rolling swells from the Gulf of Mexico meet the cross heave of the bay and the treacherous rip from Sardosta Pass, Tarpon Lighthouse stands guard over one of the deadliest spots in semitropic waters. Six weeks ago one of the sudden fierce storms that whip the Gulf into a fury had sent its mountainous walls of green water crashing against the light and had torn away a section of the solid masonry foundation from the lighthouse itself.

Now, high on the small lookout platform, eighty feet above water and just under the giant reflectors, the lighthouse tender appeared in the gathering darkness, megaphone in hand, to shout a warning to the men aboard the Chesney barge which had come to repair that damage.

"Better come ashore!" he bellowed. "Government radio warning. . . . Heaviest storm of season . . . headed straight for us. . . . Get some signal lights up. . . . Yacht Navarro from Bermuda . . . full speed through the Gulf . . . attempt to beat the storm. . . . She'll swing . . . dangerously! . . . Last chance for you. . . . Come ashore!"

"WE'RE not coming aboard!" he roared hoarsely. "I'm bossing this shindig. Get down some lines. Quick!"

From the heaving deck of the barge three men listened to those broken warnings. They looked soberly at one another for a minute; then they returned quietly to the engine room.

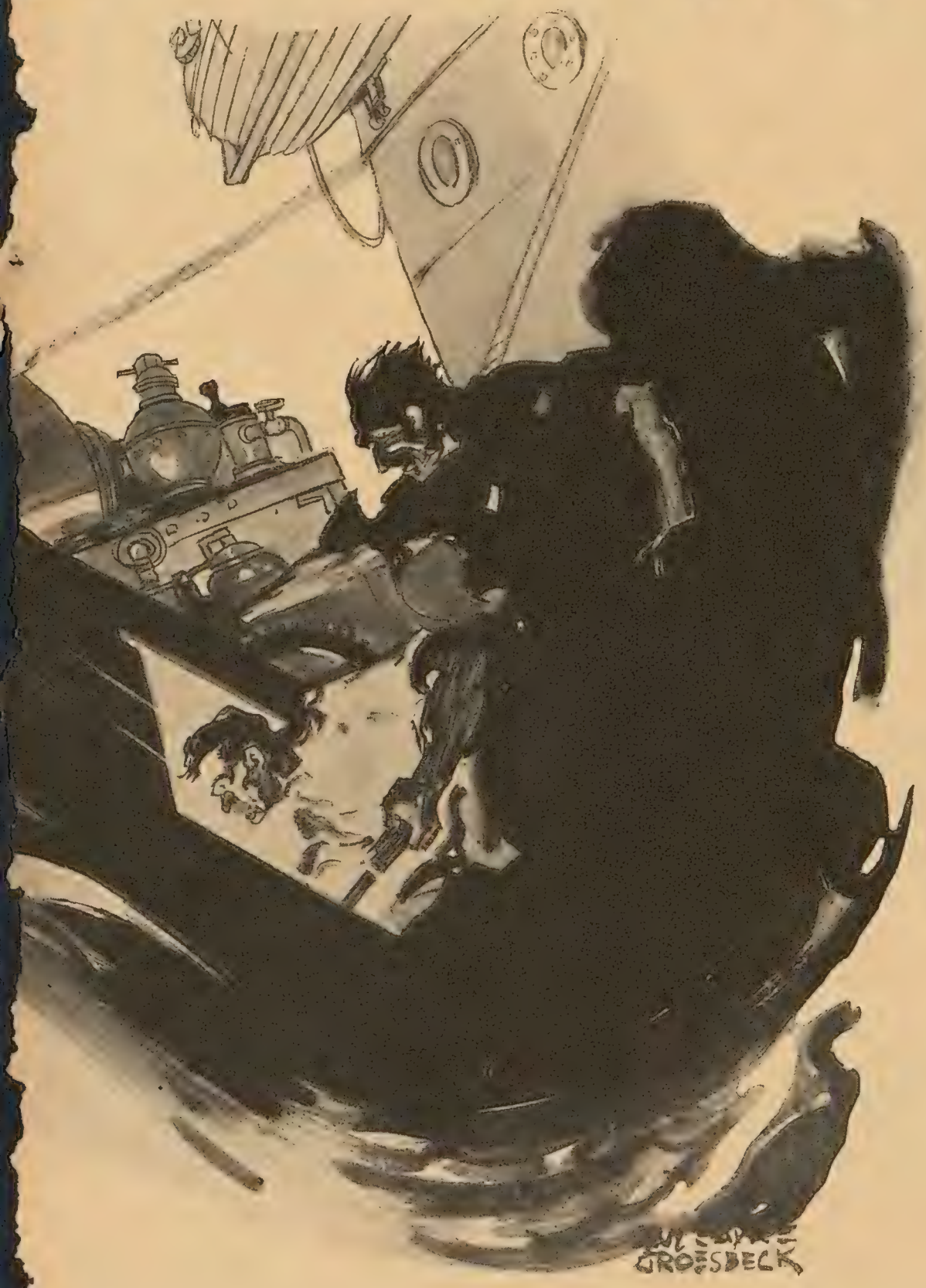
They were an oddly assorted trio, but good companions, and in the face of danger equal to a host, equal to a multitude, in themselves.

Angus MacGregor, the engineer, and director of the energy that performed the Titan's mighty tasks, was old and frail. But his fierce blue eyes, beneath shaggy white brows, burned with a flame that only death could quench. At sixty, he had behind him forty years of experience as a hoisting engineer.

Squatted on the deck in front of the boiler, "Cinders" Thrumm was intent on keeping erect a can of coffee that was boiling in the ash pit. He was a reckless-eyed, lanky youngster, who had a secret ambition: he wanted to do something that would make Cap'n Chesney look at him, just once, like he'd often seen her looking at big Ben Maddern.

No judge of men could have looked in on the three and mistaken Ben for anything but the boss of the craft. He

Chesney's Multitude



By

FRANK KNOX HOCKMAN

Pictures by
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

had the air. Just now the upper half of his powerful body was stripped bare, showing his smooth tanned chest and the bulging muscles of his shoulders and arms. His gray eyes were cool and calm, and his thatch of crinkly black hair had an unruly, riotous look that added the devil-may-care touch to his evident strength. At twenty-eight, just four years out of engineering school, Maddern had already gained for himself a reputation second to none among men who build in deep water.

"FORGOT to tell you," he was saying. "Here's a note from Cap'n. The skipper of the launch brought it out when he came to take off the crew." He fished a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket. "Listen. It says, 'BEN: Try to moor the barge safely. The company's in bad shape. The boiler on the big dredge blew up this morning, injured two men, and sank the boat in sixty feet of water. The tug has ripped her bottom off on Needle Rock, and there's no other tug here to send out for you. The Marl Products Company has gone into a receivership, which holds up our past three months' dredge income. We're in bad shape. If you can only save the barge! Bring her through, Ben. You and your crew are my last hope. CAP'N.' Now, what d'you think of that, eh?"

"I'm a stingaree if it ain't just too big a pot o' bad luck t' hit th' Cap'n all at once!" Angus exclaimed. "An' just six months since old Matt died, too. Cap'n needn't worry 'bout th' barge. We'll bring 'er through all right. Eh, kid?"

Angus slapped Cinders on the shoulder, and the fireman showed two rows of white teeth in a delighted grin. His "Dang' right, chief!" was so hearty that Angus winked jovially at Ben.

"This here kid'll make a deep-water man yet, you see if he don't," he approved. "He-e-e-e-e-ey! Ain't y' got no sense a-tall, y' dang' coal waster? Bank that fire, y' half-witted 'gator bait! Fifty pounds of steam's all we need 'less'n water starts comin' aboard. Dang—"

"Steady, Angus!" Ben interrupted. "Let him steam up. We'll ship plenty of water before this blow is over. Now, look! All we can do is to keep plenty of steam for the pumps. One man's enough to handle that job. You and the kid go ashore to the light, and I'll—"

"You'll go plumb to the devil, Ben Maddern!" Angus roared indignantly. "Us three stayed w'en th' deck hands left, an' we're gonna keep on stayin'. We got plenty of lines for'ard, two good stream anchors aft, an' a sound craft. What more do we want? Then you talk 'bout goin' ashore. Bah! I'm ashamed of y', so I— Hey! Where y' goin'?"

"Look things over out for'ard," Ben replied. "Make sure all the hatch covers are fast."

Ten minutes later, when Ben returned from his hazardous trip out over the lurching, swaying open deck, he shook himself like a great dog and wrung the water from his hair.

"Sure is a dirty night," he announced. "Tell you what we'd better do, Angus. I'll go down in the hull and break out a couple hundred feet of that four-inch anchor chain and some turnbuckles. We'll lash the boiler, engine, and coal hopper tighter. If this turns out to be a regular

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CAP'N CHESNEY'S MULTITUDE
Continued from page seventeen]

blow—and it sure will—the deck house'll go. But we can save the machinery and coal supply.

They had just finished the task when Angus let out a shrill yell of warning.

"Here she comes! Hang on!"

A shrieking demon came hurtling in from the Gulf, driving before it a solid wall of green water thirty feet high. As if to meet and join forces with it, the low-hanging clouds swooped down in a solid sheet of rain. For a moment there was no air to breathe. The giant flat-bottomed barge sprang straight upward into the cloud bank, hung suspended for a second, then dropped back down with a sickening long side slip. For half an hour she lunged fiercely at her moorings. The deck-house roof was torn off. Soon the sheathing on the port side of the house was ripped loose, and next moment the starboard sheathing followed it away on the wind.

Then came a temporary lull in the storm's fury. The half-drowned trio aboard the barge struggled to their feet and stared about at the havoc wrought by that first terrific blast. They had all suffered from the riotous assault. Angus' old face was drawn with the pain of a broken rib, but he cackled hoarsely in exultation when a pull at the throttle set the engine working. While young Thrumm coaxed the scattered coals in the fire box into some semblance of a fire, hanging on with one hand, poking and shoveling with the other, he held his freckled face sideways to divert the blood from his flattened nose from running into his mouth. As he made his way out over the heaving deck, through the shrieking wind and the curtain of stinging spray, Ben Maddern limped painfully on his right leg—his kneecap had come into violent contact with a link of the anchor chain.

Cap'n Chesney dropped to her knees. Her arms swept out in a fierce gesture that encompassed them all.

Before Ben the face of the lighthouse tower rose, drenched by gouts of wind-whipped spray that reached to the lookout platform. In the ghastly glare from the light and long flashes of lurid sheet lightning, the pitching barge was a desolate sight. With her low deck awash under recurrent great seas, with her gaunt derrick and unwieldy boom swinging in immense erratic arcs, and with her deck house gone, she had the shattered, skeleton-like appearance of a wreck.

OF course Ben Maddern had taken every possible precaution for her safety. A dozen heavy mooring lines had been run from her for'ard bitts and capstans around the low sea wall that encircled the base of the light. Then, warped into a position alee of the sea wall, her mooring lines had been paid out until she lay a full twenty fathoms clear of the wall for'ard. Two massive concrete-and-steel kedges were dropped into the water aft, one quartering her stern to starboard, the other to port. Steel and manila lines ran from these kedges to the after bitts. The hundred-foot boom, lowered to the deck and sticking seventy feet out over the bow, was lashed in place by heavy lines.

Under Ben's directions the three men lashed four sections of steel sheet piling across the deck from bulwark to bulwark, for'ard of the engines. This would act as a water fender and break up any waves that raked the barge. Then they rigged a heavy curtain of canvas around the precious boiler that stood within ten feet of the stern. As they finished this rough but serviceable spray apron, they caught a flash of light, and heard the voice of the lighthouse keeper calling from his platform:

"Ahoy . . . barge!"

They all hurried forward. Ben snapped three quick flashes from his electric torch. The wind-whipped voice rose to a pitch of desperate warning:

"Storm report . . . regular hurricane. . . . Come ashore. . . . Yacht Navarro . . . rudder lost . . . anchor lines parted . . . drifting. . . . Come ashore . . . save your lives! . . . Your position . . . hopeless."

AS though sea and wind had been merely playing before, the true blow came raging in from the Gulf. The barge quivered in every timber of her fabric, lunged, and tore at her holding lines. A curling comber licked up from aft and slapped the boiler. The short smoke-stack was carried away, and a thick cloud of steam poured from the boiler top. Desperately the three men began to work their way toward the boiler, their sodden bodies slithering back and forth against the life lines that encircled them.

It was Angus who first reached the fire-box door. Waiting until the barge began one of its stomach-wrenching downward swoops, he threw the door open for a split second and stared in. No sign of flame or of flowing coal remained.

The barge was opening her seams. Without fire to furnish steam for the pumps, disaster was not far off.

Angus slammed the door shut, and held fast until the barge started its upward climb. Then he rose to his feet—rose slowly and in pain—and snatched from the tool box a twisted, broken gasoline lantern. Holding the lantern in his hand, he stumbled back to the boiler, held fast until another dive was completed, and jerked the door open.

With an abrupt movement that nearly made him cry out in agony, he smashed the fuel well of the lantern, threw the dripping twist of metal into the fire box, and slammed the door behind it.

The pumps must start soon or never. Twice the barge pitched, slow and deep, and still there was no show of results from the gasoline with which Angus had drenched the fire box. Then, suddenly, a streak of flame shot from the top of the boiler. The roar of the furnace joined with the roar of the storm.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" Angus chanted. "Hey, kid! I'm gonna lash a life line 'twixt th' boiler an' th' coal hopper, an' bend a line from y'r waist t' it. From now on till this shindig's over y're gonna keep a full head o' steam an' a big enuff fire so's a douse of water won't hurt it. We'll keep th' engine turnin' over an' th' pumps runnin'."

In three minutes streams of sparks were shooting from the boiler top. Angus worked his way to the throttle and pump valves, lurching back and forth, swearing steadily as the pitching barge slammed him against the bulwarks, against the boiler jacket, against the engine.

Presently, to the rattle, bang, and crash of the storm the snort of the exhaust was added, the thump and jar

of the racing engine, and the hissing chug of the pumps. Up and down, sideways and back, the barge careened. At one moment she dove forward as though determined to drag her stern anchors. Again, she lunged her whole weight backward, straining at the for'ard timber bitts. Gone mad under the lashing of the waves and the murderous wrenching of her fabric, she strove to meet and match the raging anger of the night, to break loose and drive into the teeth of the gale that maddened her—insane, in keeping with the hurricane.

"Buck, you son of a flyin' fish!" Angus apostrophized the barge. "Atta girl! Show 'em how it ought t' be did. Dang me, Ben! This here's the best ol' hull Matt ever laid. She'll pull through as sure as—"

From out forward came a snapping, tearing crash. Almost immediately it was followed by another. The barge reared back and rose as if about to stand on end. Her bow mooring lines had parted. She drove straight backward between her stern kedges, clear of the meager protection that the sea wall had afforded, out into the smother of breaking water and foam—an insensate drive toward her own destruction.

"Hang on and make steam!" Ben Maddern roared at the fireman.

WITH a single sweep of his long arms he swung Angus into the engine seat, and lashed his slight body fast to its steel back with a rope end.

"Stand by!" he snapped. "Give a little slack on that Number One line that's reeved to the eye of the hammer. I'm going out and throw off the hammer's fastenings. When you see two snaps of my flashlight, pick up on Number One, and slide the hammer overboard. Then pay out ten fathoms of line. We'll let the hammer drag on the bottom as a for'ard kedge."

With the sure-footed agility of a cat, Ben went out over the heaving deck, and finally reached the two-thousand-pound steam hammer. In a moment he had knocked loose the chain fastenings that held the ponderous weight to the deck. Then, just in time to save himself from being washed overboard, he threw himself inside the steel rim of the bull wheel at the foot of the mast, and snapped his flashlight twice. Immediately the line from Number One drum began to pull. The hammer skidded into the raging water.

The effect was immediate and, for a breath, ominous. Under the sudden terrific strain the boom bent, creaked, and threatened to tear loose from the mast base. But honest timber, honest fittings, and honest cable held.

The barge once more swung under double anchorage, her stern lines fast to the two concrete-and-steel kedges, her bow held by the hammer dragging at the end of the boom. But she was in a far more precarious position than before.

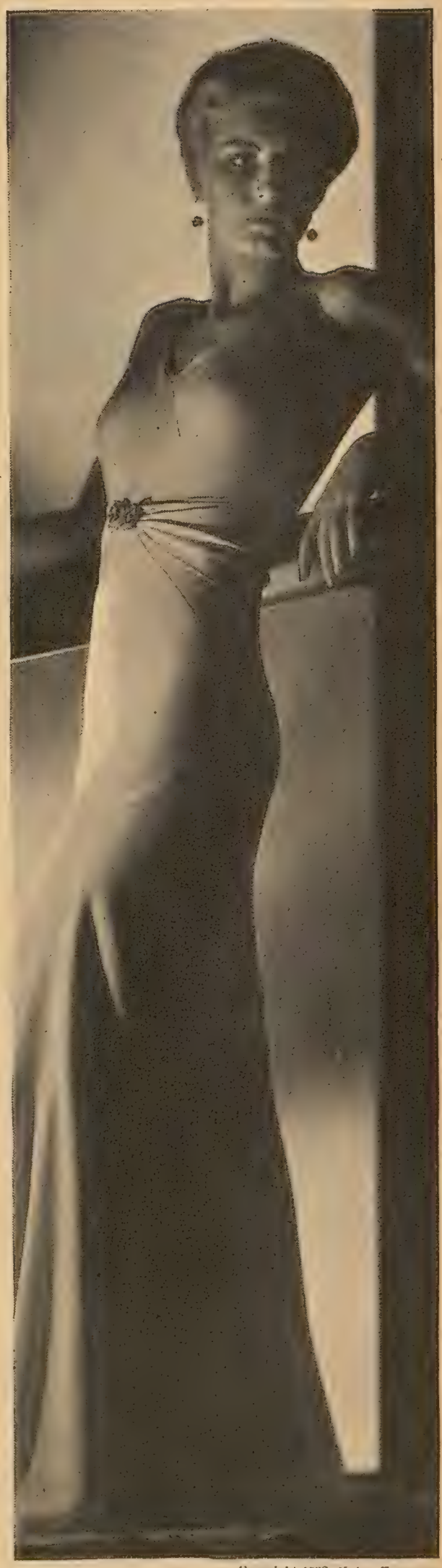
Having driven backward between them, the kedges which had been her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Truly Revolutionary
this improvement in sanitary protection

the new Phantom* Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)



NO LONGER the haunting dread of telltale outlines, of revealing wrinkles under that close-fitting gown! The new Phantom Kotex is here.

It is called PHANTOM* KOTEX because ends are skilfully flattened and tapered so as to leave absolutely no outline· not the slightest bulk.

Lasting softness

This new PHANTOM KOTEX is soft even after hours of use; wonderfully absorbent; easily disposable. Wear it on either side with equal protection.

Now more than ever it will pay you to demand genuine Kotex. Kotex that you know is made of pure materials, under hygienic conditions. In hospitals alone more than 24 million Kotex pads were used last year.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting; other styles with so-called tapered ends, are in no sense the same as the New Phantom Kotex, U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854.

This improved Kotex is brought you at no increase in price. Try it and compare. Make sure when buying Kotex wrapped that you do get the genuine. For your protection, each end of this new pad is now plainly stamped "Kotex." Sold at all drug, dry goods, and department stores.

HOW SHALL I TELL MY DAUGHTER?

Many a mother wonders. Now you simply hand your daughter the story booklet entitled. "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday." For free copy, address Mary Pauline Callender, Room 2174, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Note! *Kotex—now at your dealer's—marked "Form-Fitting" is the new Phantom★Kotex.*

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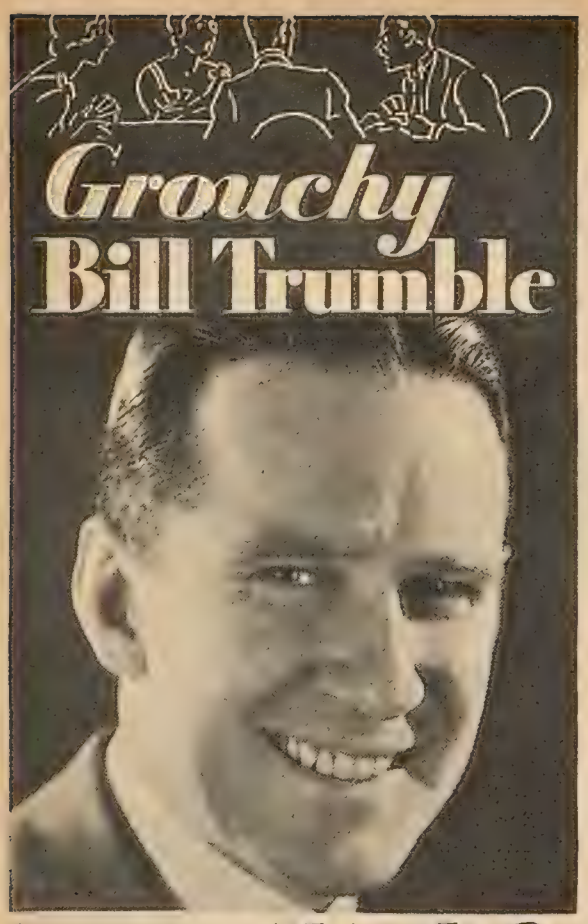
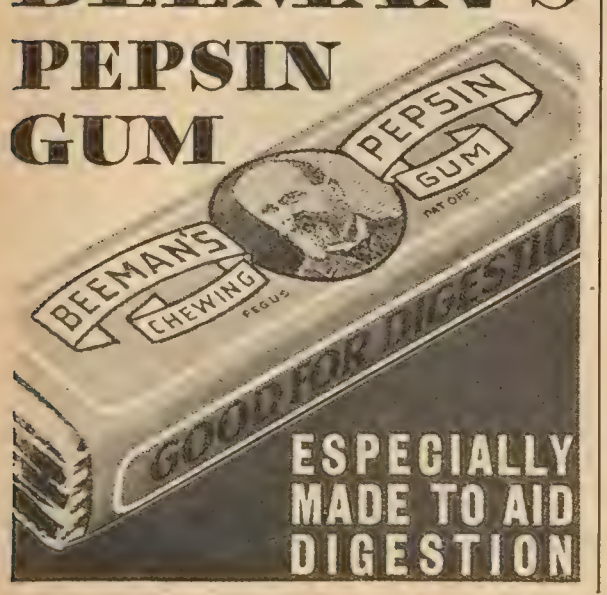


. . . the life of the party

"WHAT on earth did you raise my bid for with a hand like that?" Cross . . . irritable . . . what an awful bridge partner he made. And then he found an easy, pleasant way to end his indigestion.

It was a great day for everyone when Dr. Beeman originated Beeman's Pepsin Gum—the gum that aids digestion. All of us have our grouchy days—it takes so little to affect one's disposition. Beeman's will often remove the cause of bad temper. Chew Beeman's regularly. You will enjoy the flavor.

Chew BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



Continued from page nineteen

stern anchors now lay almost in a line with her bow, one a hundred feet to starboard, the other a hundred feet to port, while the hammer lay seventy feet forward of the bow, straight down from the tip of the boom. She was still anchored, but badly anchored.

Considering the situation, Ben started for the engine room. His alert mind had already conceived a plan for making the situation more tenable. But he suddenly stopped with a yell of amazement. Less than three hundred yards away, riding high but helpless on a great comber, with all her lights ablaze, the rudderless yacht Navarro came driving straight for the barge through clouds of phosphorescent spray.

Ben's heart sank. The Navarro would collide with the barge—they were right in the current rip. That oncoming mass of steel, with all the force of the storm behind it, would crush the barge as a bubble is crushed. Ben's mind turned to Cap'n—his Cap'n—and all the qualities of his manhood fused into a profound pity. He had done all he could do to save the barge for her. There were things that lay beyond the power of even his devotion. Now he must do what he could to save Angus and Cinders. Poor Cap'n! . . . He went leaping toward the engine room.

"Here comes the Navarro!" he yelled. "She's drifting in, broadside on. Making straight for us. Get your knives ready to cut your lashings. And put a life belt on—both of you. Better lash a line between you, so you'll stay together when you get into the water. If there's a chance, before she smashes us, I'll try to get a line aboard her. If she doesn't sink us at the first bang, you watch for my light, Angus. The second you see it flash, pick up on the boom as if the devil was chasing you. Our only hope is to land a line on the Navarro, so we can get aboard her. And— Holy cats!"

FOR a moment Ben went silent. A wild idea had flashed into his mind. He had no time to consider it, but it was a chance and he grasped it.

"Watch close for my light," he ordered Angus. "And when you lift that boom, don't miss—understand? Land that hammer on the yacht's deck."

Snatching a Coston light from the tool box, Ben rushed forward over the dizzy deck, and lashed himself to a forward capstan, to superintend this final match with fate.

Alone out there in the raging fury, swaying to the pitch of the capstan, alternately rising into the stinging crests of the combers and buried in chilling floods, Ben reached the very nadir of despair. His nakedness seemed to increase his impotence, and he shivered. But he was not thinking of himself. He was thinking of Cap'n.

It was all over with Cap'n! With the loss of the barge all her high ambitions would be swamped. She had called to him for help. And he loved her. But there was nothing that he could do. Her despair was his despair. He'd hold on to the last, of course, but he knew that his present attempt was only a chance—a desperate chance in a desperate situation. He'd make it if possible—if possible. . . . If only Angus—good old Angus—

Rising on the lift of another great wave, he cleared his eyes of water and his mind of depression, and became deliberate. Ready to match cold calculation against the storm's fury—if he should get the chance—he faced the oncoming Navarro. In long careening swoops the yacht drove in, now revealed aloft on a great crest, and now lost to sight as she dropped into a trough.

Fifty yards away, she rose gigantic on a great billow, her lights blazing and filling the sky—beautiful and ominous—a two-million-dollar vehicle of pleasure turned into a white, bright angel of doom. On she came, as if eager, till, for a moment of eternity, she towered over the barge, her steel hull as cruel as ice, and hung poised, as if sentient, gathering herself for a strike. Then she slid down, down in a long, swift, slithering dash of destruction. The old barge rose in a final thrust of valor to meet the crashing attack.

THE wind was knocked out of Ben Maddern's body as the terrific impact wrenched him in his lashings. For a minute he was stunned and drowned, unable to move or think. Then he realized that the deck beneath his feet was canted drunkenly upward to port as the yacht drove her deeper into the water to starboard.

Ben snapped his torch. He tore the oiled wrapper from the Coston light with his teeth, and a bluish-green flame blazed out from his extended right hand. Through that wan brightness he saw the long boom swing upward with a speed that set its cables to whining shrilly. The deck canted to an even steeper pitch. He saw the heavy hammer come dripping from the water, swaying from side to side in wild, erratic arcs, like a heavy shadow. Watching it, he held his breath and leaned back, instinctively throwing his weight to port, to save the barge from capsizing. A wave dashed on to the deck and smothered him again. But as he came up into the air the barge righted itself. As it swung down to a comparatively even keel he saw the boom whip over, and next moment the great hammer dropped with a crash to the yawed deck of the yacht.

The Navarro's captain leaned out over the bridge railing. His experienced eyes swept the dim scene of desolation presented by the barge, and with the true seaman's impulse he snatched a megaphone.

"We'll throw you a line," he bellowed down. "Better come aboard at once. You're breaking up!"

A wave lashed over Ben, burying his body feet deep, and he was unable

to reply. But as the yacht and the barge rose together on the next swell, he got his breath and cupped his hands around his mouth.

"We're not coming aboard!" he roared hoarsely. "I've dropped a line aboard you with my boom, and I'll anchor your tin pot to my holding lines if you'll send some hawsers down. I'm bossing this shindig. Get down some lines. Quick—quick! D'you hear me?" . . .

Early morning found Cap'n Chesney alone in the little office, suffering an agony of regret. Her face was wan with the strain of the sleepless night; her eyes were darkly ringed; her soft black hair was tumbled. She still sat under the single electric light and read again—for the thousandth time—the last report she had received from Tarpon Light:

TARPON LIGHT NINE PM CHESNEY D AND D BARGE RAMMED BY YACHT NAVARRO PROBABLY SUNK

The Cap'n bowed her head in a passion of self-reproach. Poor old Angus! That poor loyal kid of a fireman! And Ben! If she only hadn't sent that fool note to Ben, telling him the desperate condition of the company! If she only hadn't, those three loyal men would probably have gone ashore at the light—would be alive now.

But she had sent it. And now—Gone! With Ben gone everything was gone—more than everything! Dry, choking sobs shook the Cap'n's body.

AT last, when her grief again eased to quietness, she rose. To remain inactive any longer was impossible. She pulled on a slicker and sou'wester and hurried from the office. Dawn was not far off.

The storm was abating. The wind roar was breaking into fitful puffs. The craft at the docks still rolled and pitched, but no longer with the sentient madness that had marked them during the night. The Cap'n made her way directly to the tanker Arapahoe, the only thing she owned that was left afloat, and faced Phil Merker, the master.

"Captain Merker," she announced, "just as soon as the storm dies out enough to make it possible, we'll take the Arapahoe out to Tarpon Light. I've got to know what happened to the barge and its crew. I must see for myself."

"Aye, Cap'n Chesney!" Merker touched his cap with a forefinger, and they went aboard.

In the first light, under a steady downpour of chilling, depressing rain, the Arapahoe put to sea. As the pitching tanker rounded the breakwater and settled to the long swells that came pounding in from the Gulf, Cap'n Chesney stood beside Captain Merker on the bridge. Before them the curtain of darkness that covered the waters began to thin, as though making way for the laboring vessel. As they approached the light the rain wore out to a drizzle.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Boy! Is this a bargain in tooth paste!"

"I always thought you had to pay a lot for a dentifrice to have white teeth and healthy gums. I believed it so firmly that for years I had been buying one of the most expensive tooth pastes on the market.

"But recently, money hasn't been so plentiful with us. I have had to look for bargains in everything, but I still persisted in paying a lot for tooth paste.

"My wife pointed out to me that it wasn't necessary any more to pay so much for tooth paste—that I was losing a good chance to economize in that direction. After a lot of persuading, I took her advice.

"I bought Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢. And I'm going to let you in on a secret—*that's enough to pay for a dentifrice of first-rate quality.* My wife's teeth are beautiful. My teeth look fine and my gums feel fine. And even Junior speaks about the clean, sweet after-taste this famous tooth paste leaves in the mouth.

"I've been convinced—you won't catch me paying 50¢ for a tooth paste again."

The Listerine people put this tooth paste on the market, only after 50 years of oral hygiene study showed them what was needed to make a tooth paste really good. Now four million critical men and women have discarded older and costlier favorites for this modern tooth paste at the modern price.

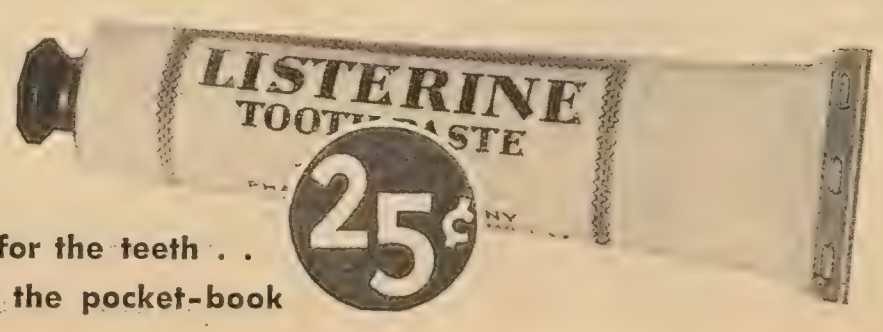
Listerine Tooth Paste owes its remarkable effectiveness to a special polishing agent. This cleans teeth faster and more thoroughly than ordinary dentifrices do. It leaves no trace of tartar, tobacco stains, decay, or any other discolorations. Yet it is so scientifically gentle in its action that it cannot possibly damage the most delicate tooth enamel.

Our Economies Save You Money

We are able to give you this extra-high quality dentifrice at an extra-low price because we use the most efficient manufacturing methods known, and huge demand permits production on a vast, cost-cutting scale. All these economies we pass on to you. *Lambert Pharmacal Co.*

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes



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a pal to the pocket-book

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AT this time of year, your dog is liable to certain forms of skin troubles. Use "SERGEANT'S MANGE MEDICINE" for the treatment of Sarcoptic Mange. Also give "SERGEANT'S ARSENIC AND IRON PILLS."

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Learn how to care for your dog . . . How to diagnose and treat his ailments . . . How to feed and bathe him properly . . . How to keep him alert and full of pep. Write today for your *free* copy of "SERGEANT'S DOG BOOK." Contains a "Symptom Chart" that diagnoses dog diseases at a glance. 48 pages of information that every dog owner needs. Fully illustrated. Write for your copy. It may save your dog's life. It's *free.*

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[CAP'N CHESNEY'S MULTITUDE
Continued from page twenty-one]

Suddenly Cap'n Chesney was startled by a convulsive clutch on her arm. She lifted her head and stared out over the tumbling water to a point indicated by Merker's extended hand. For a second she was too stunned to realize the import of what she saw.

Then, as her shaking hands succeeded in focusing the glasses that Merker handed her, expressions of wonder, amazement, and fine joy flooded up into her pale face.

Just clear of Tarpon Light, her bow held directly into the seas by strand after strand of heavy cable that ran to two anchors far for'ard, the beautiful yacht Navarro rode secure, all her lights still glowing. Five fathoms astern of the yacht, the Cap'n's great driver barge, shattered and broken, was still afloat, still operating. Her boom tip rested on the yacht's after deck. A mass of holding lines ran from her to the yacht. Smoke poured from her stackless boiler. Jets of steam popped from pump pistons and the engine exhaust. And from the peak of the Navarro's broken radio mast the towing flag of the Chesney Dredge and Derrick Company hung out.

By all the provisions of maritime law, the Navarro was under tow, though anchored for the sake of expediency—helpless alone, salvaged for half of her value.

At the throttle of the barge's engine a wizened little man sat, his old face frozen in a mask of agony. Behind him, cursing and sobbing, young Thrumm dragged himself back and forth between coal hopper and fire box.

ONE arm hung useless at his side, one foot was swollen to twice its natural size. Literally gone mad under the effects of pain and constant danger, he raged back and forth in an infinite labor, feeding the boiler by throwing coal into the furnace, one lump at a time, with his serviceable hand.

Out on the foredeck, lashed fast to a leg of the mast A-frame, still naked to the waist, his flesh gone blue from the long exposure and the battering he had received, Ben Maddern stood. His lips grinned mirthlessly and his eyes were sunk deep into red-rimmed sockets.

Like three bulldogs of Neptune, Cap'n Chesney's multitude hung on grimly, to save for Cap'n the succor they had snatched from the jaws of the storm.

It took seamanship of the highest order to maneuver the tanker into a position from which Cap'n Chesney could reach the deck of her barge; but under her insistence it was done. Just as her feet touched the dripping deck, old Angus MacGregor reached out a skinny hand and shut the throttle of his engine. Let the tanker carry on!

ANGUS heaved a deep sigh of relief and leaned back. Then he blinked, shook his head, and blinked again.

Coming toward him, one arm clasped tightly around the waist of Ben Maddern, who staggered a bit, was Cap'n Chesney, her eyes alight with a glow Angus had never seen before. A grunt sounded at Angus' side — a heavy thud. As if in a dream, he stared down at the deck. Young Thrumm, having realized his secret ambition, had dropped in a dead faint of utter exhaustion.

"Wonder if he banked that fire," Angus muttered to himself. "Well, let him sleep. He's —good boy." Remembering, he again lifted his eyes to stare at Cap'n and Ben.

A brave attempt at a grin twisted his lips. He made a motion of leaving his seat, and winced as the rope that held him jarred his injured side. "Ahoy, Cap'n!" he croaked. "We brung 'er through. She might be a little rubbed up in spots, but— Ugh!"

The old chap raised his eyes and stared in amazement at Ben Maddern, whose strong face was working convulsively.

"'S all right, Benny. 'S all right," he muttered as Ben lifted him gently from the seat and lowered him to the deck. "'S all right, I'm tellin' y'."

Perfectly contented, he dropped his gray head against the cold, solid flesh of Ben's shoulder, while one wrinkled hand dropped, in the gesture of an accolade, to the grimy neck of the unconscious Cinders by his side.

Cap'n Chesney dropped to her knees beside Ben. Her arms swept out in a fierce gesture that encompassed them all.

And kneeling there, in the midst of her multitude, not one particle ashamed of her tears now, she cried—joyously.

THE END

IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK—

The Mystery of the Man with the Accordion

An extraordinary tale of an entertaining taxi driver who mixed literature with his business.

by

BEN HECHT

Also

Her Frozen Asset

by

ELMER DAVIS

A romantic story of a two-girl man in which love jumps over a bank account.

A Few Bright Spots on the Business Horizon

By DR. SEUSS

"This Image is no longer available"

RAPID TURNOVER AT THE GILLIGAN PLANT

"BAD times?" laughs Androcles Gilligan, chair manufacturer. "Why, I just thumb my company's nose at bad times! When our regular chair business went under, we simply grinned and brought out the *Gilligan Special*, or Sandwich-Man's Rumble Seat. Built to accommodate a stenographer, it sells gloriously, due to the new dignity it lends what was once considered a menial profession."

"This Image is no longer available"

TREMENDOUS INCREASE BY SNATH, INC.

"DEPRESSION or no depression," says Fauntleroy Snath, "no really clever man need watch his business go to pot. My factory manufactures those little cotton pads you put in your hatband. When our sales fell off, we merely impregnated our new pads with Essence of Catnip."

"This Image is no longer available"

THE PENDERGAST CORP. BOOM

"MY cure for depression," says Odburn Pendergast, "is merging—merging with anyone. Before the crash I did a pretty business manufacturing those celluloid balls you shoot off shooting-gallery spouts. When things got bad, I merged, quite casually, with a landscape gardener and a whaleman. Whereas our original products are no longer in demand, our combined product has a piquant something that makes it sell like hot cakes."

Spoken

This elderly couple is none other than Norma Shearer and Clark Gable in Strange Interlude.

Clive Brook and Claudette Colbert play the unhappily wedded pair in The Man from Yesterday.

O'Neill's Prize-Winning a Good Banking Melodrama, a Light

By FREDERICK

(Reading time: 5 minutes 40 seconds.)

THE 12,000 active motion-picture exhibitors of the nation are being canvassed by a film trade publication in an effort to learn the ten big box-office stars of 1932.

The canvass has just started, but Marie Dressler is safely out in front, well ahead of Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich. Up in the forefront of the vote are such representatives of Hollywood youth as Wallace Beery and Will Rogers.

The finals of the vote will have high interest, for this is the voice of the usually silent exhibitor.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ STRANGE INTERLUDE

CAST

Nina Leeds	Norma Shearer
Ned Darrell	Clark Gable
Sam Evans	Alexander Kirkland
Charlie Marsden	Ralph Morgan
Gordon as a young man	Robert Young
Mrs. Evans	May Robson
Madeline	Maureen O'Sullivan
Professor Leeds	Henry B. Walthal
Maid	Mary Alden
Gordon as a child	Tad Alexander

Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The Hollywood producers ventured afield in making this faithful reproduction of Eugene O'Neill's Pulitzer Prize-winning drama.

This is the play in which the characters speak their real thoughts, giving voice to the usual dialogue along with introspective asides. The result behind the footlights was a little bewildering, and it is still baffling on the screen. The style is a cross between the dramatic and novel form, for, as in the last named, you are taken into the brains of the protagonists.

Mr. O'Neill's heroine, herself ill mentally over the loss of her lover in the war, marries into an old New England family. Although her husband does not know the fate that hangs over his head, she soon discovers that all male members of the Evanses are doomed to madness. Since a child is out of the question under the circumstances and her husband's happiness and sanity seem to depend upon such an outcome of their marriage, Nina has a baby by a doctor. She comes to love this physician—and there begins a lifelong triangle.

Mr. O'Neill takes his characters from youth to old age—until they are "contentedly weary of life"—in exhausting every angle of his heroine's struggle with fate, duty, desire, and ancestral ghosts.

The first effects of spoken thoughts—in the voices of the characters and smoothly synchronized with their facial expressions—are a little astonishing, but when the novelty wears off, the story moves its morbid course. This strange film is hardly likely to be popular, but it will cause a great deal of critical comment. Norma Shearer gives a superb performance of the frustrated heroine, Clark Gable is adequate as the doctor, and there are able performances by Alexander Kirkland as the husband and Ralph Morgan as a friend of the family.

★ ★ ★ AMERICAN MADNESS

CAST

Henry Dickson	Walter Huston
Helen	Constance Cummings
Matt Brown	Pat O'Brien
Phyllis Dickson	Kay Johnson
Cluett	Gavin Gordon
Dude Finlay	Robert Ellis
Clark	Edwin Maxwell
Ives	Arthur Hoyt
Ames	Edward Martindel
O'Brien	Berton Churchill
Judge	Ralph Lewis
Dr. Strong	Pat O'Malley

Directed by Frank Capra.
Produced by Columbia.

A timely subject, this: the humanizing of banking methods. Henry Dickson is president of a bank with its foundation upon generous deal-

Thoughts

Adolphe Menjou, who finds marriage too gay in Bachelor's Affairs. The lady is Minna Gombell.

Constance Cummings and Walter Huston watching a run on the bank in American Madness.

Drama Reaches the Screen; Comedy, and Another Enoch Arden Picture

JAMES SMITH

ings decided by character and honesty rather than securities of unstable value. Thus, when a bank run occurs and large banking institutions are cold to pleas of aid, it is the small clients of the institution that come to the rescue with their savings.

There is melodrama behind the story, but the film gets its big interest from the startling presentation of a hitherto taboo subject, a bank run, as it creeps from a tiny bit of gossip to a destructive riot. The screen has offered few instances of greater excitement and potency. There is interest, too, in the intimate close-ups of a great bank's machinery, showing just what goes on behind the suspicious look the cashier gives when you cash a check.

Walter Huston presents a corking performance of the bank president.

★ ★ BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS

CAST

Andrew Hoyt	Adolphe Menjou
Stella	Minna Gombell
Oliver Denton	Arthur Pierson
Eva Mills	Joan Marsh
Luke Radcliff	Allan Dinehart
Jane	Irene Purcell

Directed by Alfred Werker.
Produced by Fox.

A light little serio-comedy of the tragedy of middle age, tracing the fading graying years of a debonair Don Juan when he is "beginning to mistake his short breaths for passion." Thus it is that Andrew Hoyt marries a flighty, pretty little baby-talk blonde, lets himself in for a lot of devastating juvenile gayety, and finally goes back to his sane, comfortable secretary. Adolphe Menjou, the suave menace of many a film romance, plays the ex-Don Juan who discovers there is nothing so wearing as youth. He does an excellent job. And Joan Marsh makes the blonde bride a personable and charming annoyance.

★ THE MAN FROM YESTERDAY

CAST

Sylvia Suffolk	Claudette Colbert
Capt. Tony Clyde	Clive Brook
René Gaudin	Charles Boyer
Steve Hand	Andy Devine
Dr. Waite	Alan Mowbray
Tony's cocotte	Yola D'Avril
Andy's cocotte	Barbara Leonard
Baby Tony	Ronald Cosbey
A Priest	Emile Chautard

Directed by Berthold Viertel.
Produced by Paramount.

A British officer, reported dead, comes back from a prison camp to find that his wife is in love with a French doctor who has befriended her in her days of stress and loneliness. This newest version of the Enoch Arden theme is given a tragic ending. Despite the acting of Clive Brook as the embittered husband and Claudette Colbert as the lonely-for-love wife, this picture offers little new.

Do you know that—

Adolphe Menjou plays Detective Thatcher Colt in Columbia's version of Anthony Abbott's mystery yarn, Murder of the Night Club Lady?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Grand Hotel, Congress Dances, One Hour with You, Shanghai Express, Broken Lullaby, Dance Team, Emma.

★★★—Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface, The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari.

The T

By

ALMA AND PAUL ELLERBE

Pictures by RUTH EASTMAN

(Reading time: 24 minutes 35 seconds.)

THE cause of it all was Dr. Hugo Eckener. If he hadn't stirred up the whole world by sliding in above New York in his great silver cigar-shaped symbol of high romance on that now famous summer's day, Ruth Seavey would never have gone to the roof of her apartment house, the nice-looking boy would not have waved at her from his little penthouse of a sort on the roof of the apartment house below, and assuredly, even if he had, Ruth would not have waved back again.

For she was State of Maine, but newly come from Cottrell Center, shy and timid, almost fearful of this strange New York flaring and roaring beneath her windows, and not the one to take even the least little step toward acquaintanceship with a young man she knew nothing about.

But there was something in the air that day besides the Graf Zeppelin. It made the boy wave his hand in that gay and natural salutation, and it made Ruth never even think of not waving back with her scarf.

So that when, three nights later, the wind blew the same scarf out of her window and lodged it on a bench beside the boy's penthouse door, and Ruth awoke and looked out and saw it there, it was, to a Cottrell Center girl, a good deal of a situation.

"He might think I *threw* it!" she thought, with crinkles of horror up her State-of-Maine spine.

More than once she had wished she had been the kind of girl who *could* have thrown it—it or something—she had been so lonely.

Built to shelter washerwomen's paraphernalia, and later enlarged at small cost into a very modest dwelling indeed, the penthouse was like nothing she had expected to find in the world's greatest city—with its peaked roof, picket fence, and box hedge growing in tubs. But the boy, from the looks of him, was just the sort of person she had come here hoping to know. Just the sort of person she had been here for two months now without meeting one of.

She had left Cottrell Center because a
woman happened in one summer's day and s
her improvising, out of vividly colored paper
wire, flowers as unlike as possible to anythi
that grows in the cool and reticent soil of h
native state, and had bought some. Eventua
these had bloomed, appropriately enough, in
red-and-black alcoves, along the orange plate rails, and in
centers of the black-topped tables of a tea room the wom
owned on Greenwich Village's Fifth Avenue, which is Eig
Street. People seeing them had wanted others like the
Orders had come, and money. And finally a new life.

She reproached herself now and then for not picking
acquaintances and ripening them into friends, but without h
ing any notion, really, of trying to change—the Seaveys did
much. And she cried a little sometimes, from sheer lonelin
in a restrained New England fashion, behind her yellow curt
It's tough if you are young. And Ruth Seavey was ninet

"I'm sorry to bother you, but last night my scarf blew
of my window and landed on your bench outside."

She said it primly and without a smile. She wanted to smi
but she was afraid that if she did she'd smile too cordially.

Fred Hempstead looked at her curiously. Something in
serious, pretty face touched him, spoke a clear word to h
and he smiled for two. There was a singular quality ab
his smile.

"You didn't take me for the kind of dumb-bell who'd th
you'd *thrown* it, did you?" he said.

She gasped and reddened, and then smiled too.

"I was afraid," she heard herself saying—to her amazem
—"that you might be."

He laughed. It was a nice, unaffected laugh.

"There are plenty of them. Won't you come in?"

She liked him a lot: While they went out and got the sc
together and he said he hadn't meant to be fresh when he wa
at her. ("It was the Zeppelin, you know." "Of course,"
said; "I knew that.") While they stood looking off over
grotesque assortment of chimney pots and water tanks
filled the sky, and he told her that he'd worked most of his
on his father's farm in Iowa, but had always wanted to pa
and now here he was doing commercial work and getting re
"to really paint" as soon as he could afford to. And t
while they came inside and he gave her a cigarette and lit it
her and she drew the smoke in and blew it out again exactl
though it wasn't the first cigarette she had ever smoked.

"Cottrell Center," he said—she had mentioned it. "Wha
it like?"

She had an expressive face; some of the stillness and lon
ness of her home came into it.

"A road along the top of a hill, with white houses on
There are thirty-eight people there, now that I'm away."

She looked into his eyes. A tiny spark was born there f
hers. She hadn't meant to talk like this to anyone, but—

"I used to sit on our front porch," she said, "and look at
sort of old man's head with a beard that some rocks make u
on the top of Ragged Mountain in the west, and think tha
was planted there like it was. I used to wish that my fat
didn't own the farm, or the big old square house I was born
or all those acres of pine trees that he sells to the match co
pany, or anything else that belonged there—so that we c
move away and go somewhere else. Anywhere else!" sa
little Ruth Seavey, with a touch of passion. "I got to thinki
that if something new didn't come up the road, or down i
couldn't stand it another day. It seemed to me that Cott
Center was the loneliest place on earth."

ruant Scarf

In Which One Young Woman Sits in Judgment on Another and Puts Her Happiness in the Balance

he stopped, shiny-eyed and amazed at herself but not
y. She knew it was all right. . . .
ey went on from that to almost everything. Including,
ourse, New York.
You like it, don't you?"
e startled her. She was beginning to like New York. But
remembered. "No. It's too big. Cold. Unfriendly."
Unfriendly? It's the friendliest place in the world." He
tated, and then: "I wonder if you'd care anything at all
t coming to a party I'm throwing on Saturday? Just a
people coming in that I think you'd like."
Why, I'd simply love it!" she said.
And just then a door opened at the other end of the room and
irl came through it. A girl with her hat in her hand, her
tousled, and her very lipsticky mouth stretched in a yawn.
irl who had evidently been asleep.
Hello," Hempstead said, as if girls coming out of his bed-
were no more than kittens. "I forgot all about you. Her
e"—to Ruth—"is Jimmy Stetson. If I knew yours I'd
roduce you."
Ruth supplied it stiffly.
She made the flowers in the Cockeyed Cockatoo."
M-m," said Jimmy Stetson, and yawned again behind
ed lips. "God, I wish I wasn't so sleepy! This new num-
s a back-breaker! Only a snake could do it right!"
Jimmy's a dancer. She dances in the Golden Chicken,
nd the corner, while decent people sleep. And—er—as
have seen—*vice versa*. She lives away out in the Bronx,
comes in here sometimes, when things get too thick for her,
est a bit. She and her partner are practicing a new stunt
y're going to put on tonight. Stetson and Hardy. If you've
r heard of them, it's a sign you lead a normal life."

T it was no go. A cloud had spread itself, even and gray,
ver their newly established delightful relationship. Ruth
ed, but faintly, and Jimmy Stetson more faintly still.
e was an abstraction about her that Ruth thought sullen,
—to Ruth, at any rate—a permeative vulgarity. It was
, though, that an old and thorough understanding existed
een her and Hempstead.
Got to run, old fruit. Dick's waiting to practice. Thanks
the snooze. Couldn't ramble through without it."
See you tomorrow," Hempstead said; and she was gone.
t not the cloud.
She's a good kid, and spunky as they come. I think
'd like her if you knew her. Just now she's—" He
tated. "Well, she's rather up against it."
ut something had closed tightly inside of Ruth.
borrowed Jimmy's comment. "M-m," she said.
hey talked along for a few minutes more, but the
d didn't go. So Ruth went—thinking as she
nded the stairs, "I'd die on my feet before
o to sleep on a man's bed!"
There had been Seaveys among the embat-
ed farmers whose shots were heard around
world. When Saturday came and Hemp-
d threw his party in plain sight below,
ir latest representative sat on stanchly
made trick paper flowers in honor of
s memory.
And when she met him on the street a
days later she gave him a perfunc-
improvised excuse about the
y.
thought you stayed away," he said honestly, "because you disapproved of Jimmy's taking a nap at my place"; and gave her a smile that added: "Don't pass on. We like each other."

At that a panic rose in her at the thought of how easily she could have passed on and how much she didn't want to.

"Did I show it so plainly?" she said, wanting to be honest too.

He nodded and gave her an inquiring look, as if wondering what made her mental wheels go around—but friendly and uncritical.

"I've got a lot to learn," she said, meaning it for the moment.

"You are a darned good sport! Will you come to dinner with me and talk this out?"

"Why, I'd like it more than anything!" she said.

But when they were settled at a table in one of the tiny booths in the Cockeyed Cockatoo, shut in in candle-lit intimacy with some of Ruth's most successfully outrageous and delightful flowers and played upon by the languorous syncopated sweetness of the orchestra—

[CONT. ON NEXT PAGE]

There was something in the air that day. It made the boy wave his hand and it made Ruth never even think of not waving back.

[THE TRUANT SCARF
Continued from page twenty-seven]

"Don't let's talk anything out," Hempstead said. "It would be kind of dumb, don't you think, with music like that?"

And they danced instead—Hempstead like the tune in the music. He made Ruth dance well too, though she didn't, very, usually. It was a magic evening. They said things to each other in their silences.

And when they came out at last, a new Ruth Seavey walked home idly and at ease, with her complement at her side.

To keep him there became her main concern. Not that she found it difficult.

They dined and danced together, went to the talkies, the theater, and picture galleries—for Ruth, too, meant "to really paint" some day, if she had it in her—or just drifted with the great, gaudy, surging crowds. And gradually that macrocosm in which she had been lost, overborne, enisled in aching loneliness, became a place constructed by her own kind for her delight; beautiful, alluring, romantic, superb.

Which is, of course, only another and quite accurate way of saying that she was in love.

During the golden days that followed, the only thing that bothered her was the Stetson girl. Hempstead was always trying to "sell" her to Ruth with that "you'd-like-her-if-you-really-knew-her" stuff. Why? Was it really Jimmy he cared about?

It was on a Friday that he said to her, as they were walking home together late at night:

"What have you got against Jimmy? I've read about people like you, but I didn't know they really raised 'em any more—in Maine or anywhere else. You don't know what Jimmy feels or thinks or what she'd say about anything on earth; but every time her name comes up, you change the subject. For Pete's sake, why? Just because she sometimes takes a nap at my place when she's tired?"

"Oh, gosh!" Ruth thought. "Here it is!"

BUT she couldn't side-step any more, and so she said: "No, it's because I know I couldn't like her, however much I tried, and you do, such a lot, and I don't want to hurt your feelings. People can't change about things like that, you know. You've got to be yourself or nobody, and I couldn't stay *my*self and like a girl like that. It's not," she added hastily, "that she's not a good sort; she's not *my* sort, that's all."

"But that's where you're all wet! She is your sort. That's just my point. If you'd only give me a chance, I'd prove it."

"I'd ever so much rather not talk about her," she said wistfully. "Would you mind?"

"Yes, I would, rather. It's important to me." There was that odd weighing look in his eyes again.

She laid her hand on his arm and said:

"Important enough to put our—our friendship in danger about?"

He looked at her curiously.

"Do you really think it would do that?"

"I've an instinct that it might. And I don't want to take any chances. Not tonight, anyway." They had been very happy together that evening. "Do you?" she said softly.

"No, funny little Ruth. I'd rather take chances with almost anything else in the world." He laid his hand over hers. "Shall we promise each other not to—ever?"

"Yes!" she whispered, looking very lovely and small and soft, remembering with a shiver how lonely she'd been. "Not to take any chances with our friendship—ever!" And there were tears in her eyes; and Hempstead saw them.

"I promise too," he said gently.

And the street lights—in default of stars—sang together, and Ruth Seavey was happier than any little Puritan raised in the snow has a right to be. At her door, "Good night, funny little Ruth," he said, and kissed her quickly on the corner of the mouth and was gone.

Nevertheless they quarreled. And about Jimmy Stetson. He thought it wasn't taking chances for him to take her to see Jimmy dance.

"She's the real thing when she dances," he said. "She really is."

RUTH couldn't get out of it without hurting his feelings, and so . . .

Jimmy danced with an accurate, airy, delicate grace that was delightful—Ruth was willing enough to grant her that—but more nearly nude than the Maine girl had ever seen an adult member of either sex before. Ruth couldn't get used to that sort of thing, and she didn't want to.

But she might have forgiven it if Jimmy hadn't sung the song.

"This is something new," Hempstead said, when the orchestra leader announced it. "I've never heard it. If it goes over, it's going to mean a raise in pay."

It went over. It was a witty song, but dirty. Not *risqué:* a fatal peg or two beyond that, and plain dirty.

Sitting there amid the alien din, in the stale tobacco-heavy air, between, as it happened, two parties of coarse, overfed, vociferous people who leered and shouted their approval, with Jimmy's white, unclothed body gleaming and swaying in the spotlight, and the words of Jimmy's song binding the roomful together in a sort of fellowship of indecency, Ruth was suddenly sick for a row of white houses on a road along a hill, and the smell of wintergreen and wood smoke, the crisp crunching of fresh snow under her shoes, the sound of the big heating stove sucking in air, and all the clean and quiet things that had nurtured her.

All Flies Die

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She looked at the man she loved, whose eyes were fixed on the gleaming, undulating girl, whose head was bent to catch the words of her dirty little song—and the table top between them widened out to a thousand miles. Also she felt an almost physical hurt that he should have wanted to share this sort of thing with her.

"I'd like to punch the head of the fellow who owns that place," he said, as they walked toward home, "for making her sing that song. He told her she'd have to, or look for another job."

"I'd have looked!" Ruth said incisively. "No nice girl *could* sing a song like that or dance in public with so little on!"

Her words charged the air between them like electricity.

"Oh, couldn't she?" he blazed. "Do you really think you know all the kinds of nice girls there are? Sitting up in your little yellow-curtained room with nobody to look out for but yourself! And even then writing home for money every time you get in a jam! Do you really? No nice girl, by golly! Well, let me tell you—"

"You can't tell me anything," she cut him off coldly, "if you shout like that. You are making everybody look at us."

"What the hell's the difference whether a few people look at us or not, when a thing as important as this—"

"I will *not* be sworn at!" Ruth said icily, and turned the corner abruptly and went home alone—angry, hurt, forlorn, bewildered, wondering if what he had started to tell her was that he loved the other girl.

FIVE days' later, with her foot on his stairs, she was wondering still. She had mounted to her apartment the night of the quarrel to find a telegram calling her home. An aunt was there from California, just for a day or two, whom she might never see again if she didn't go now. Maybe, she had thought, as she dispatched three words to Fred telling him why she had to go—maybe it was a good thing.

Maybe he'd write and say he was sorry. Or that he loved Jimmy—and if that was it, she wanted to know it.

But he hadn't written, and climbing now toward his penthouse, her mouth remembering his kiss, her arms full of a great package of balsam boughs she had brought him, she knew no more than when they had parted.

His door was ajar and she ran up the last of the steps calling his name. She laid down her package on a table in the hall, so that she would have both arms free to put around his neck, if he wanted them. She set sharp echoes flying through the old building with a swift rataplan on his knocker.

And then, getting no answer, she opened the door on Jimmy's clothes.

The place was strewn with them. In the living room, scarlet cape—which said "Jimmy Stetson" as plain as print to all who knew her—rakish little scarlet beret, and scarlet overshoes; and all over the bedroom, whose door stood wide, filmy underthings, stockings, dresses, everything a careless girl would leave around when pushed for time. In the air a drench of Jimmy's invariable Oriental perfume—strangely impregnated now with the faint north-country fragrance of balsam boughs. All that could possibly be needed to refute the "sometimes-lies-down-at-my-place-when-she's-tired" idea that Hempstead had striven so hard to put across.

RUTH went forward slowly and looked with a strange detached attentiveness at the evidence assembled there: Jimmy's stockings hanging over the edge of a half-open bureau drawer, her rouge and powder and hairpins resting beside military hairbrushes and cravats, pipes and shirt studs and collar box.

So *this* was the way things had been between them, then, ever since she had known them! Ever since that first day when Jimmy had come yawning out of this room with her hat in her hand. Anybody else would have known; but the innocent fool who had lived in the little apartment up there that she could see through the open window had not known.

People like her oughtn't to come to New York. They didn't understand how things were here. She would go home again as soon as she could, and stay there!

She had never hated anyone before. The swift stab of it sickened her. She hated Jimmy, and she wanted Fred!

And then the door of a closet that Hempstead used for a dressing room opened and Jimmy came out of it; and suddenly Ruth knew that she wasn't going anywhere, but staying to fight for her man—if she could—if there was anything to fight with. Giving him up to a—a girl like that! If he had been like that himself—cheap, coarse, vulgar— But he wasn't. Jimmy had tricked him—trapped him.

"I was looking for Fred," she began, in a new, clear, competent voice, rather hard—and stopped. Jimmy Stetson's face was so stamped with grief that it frightened Ruth.

"Will you get me a taxi?" she said in a gentle, matter-of-course voice. "My mother has just died, and I've got to go home to her."

Resentment flowed hot into Ruth. To be met with a thing like this at a time like this! To have all she might have said dammed at its source! And then the wave of feeling curled and broke into shame and pity.

"Oh, I—I'm so sorry! Isn't there anything else I can do for you? Help you some—some other way first?"

"No," said Jimmy. "Just get the taxi."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HAY FEVER

Successfully Treated by New Method

The secret of reducing hay fever attacks, and in many instances preventing them altogether, has been discovered by a St. Louis physician.

The reason some people get hay fever, while others do not, is that the nasal membranes of hay fever victims are SENSITIVE to pollen. Therefore, he figured, why not build up a resistance to hay fever—make those membranes stronger—less sensitive?

He tried many ways to do this and only succeeded when he was able to perfect beechwood creosote in a formula known as SINASIPTEC.

Thousands of people who formerly suffered the misery of hay fever, have already found Sinasiptec a genuine blessing. Actual letters on file from enthusiastic and grateful users, show this treatment to be a magnificent success. Right now is the time to start using Sinasiptec. Use in warm water in a nasal douche and bathe the nasal passages regularly. It will give your head a gloriously clear feeling. You will breathe with ease. Headaches and sinus "flare-ups" will become a rarity. And above all, you will be building up that nasal strength which staves off the agony of Hay Fever and Rose Cold.

All druggists supply a large bottle of SINASIPTEC at modest cost and guarantee satisfaction. Don't delay. Tear this out so you remember the name SINASIPTEC. *Circular on request.* © American Drug Corp., 2122 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

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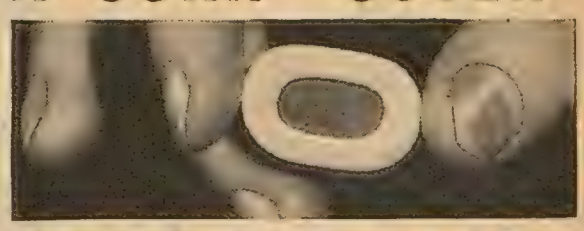
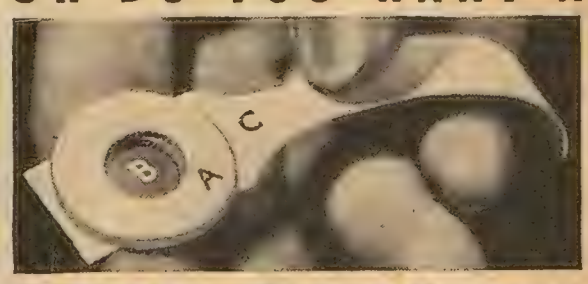


OR DO YOU WANT A



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[THE TRUANT SCARF
Continued from page twenty-nine]

Ruth ran down the stairs, hailed a taxi, told the driver to wait, and came back up again.

Jimmy was closing a suitcase that lay on the bed. Glancing around for something to do, Ruth saw a brown-paper-covered parcel that looked as if it had just been bought.

"Do you want this too?"

Jimmy stared at it. She had evidently forgotten it. She shook her head slowly.

"It's a new medicine the doctor wanted to try. He thought it was going to cure her."

Something that was hard in Ruth crumbled down and a lump rose in her throat.

"It cost a week's rent. I'll have to get the money back again."

"Let *me*," Ruth said eagerly. "I'd be so glad to."

"Fred bought it for me; maybe we'd better let him," Jimmy said, and took up the suitcase and started for the door.

Having had no sleep (as Ruth learned later) for forty-eight hours, she stumbled and swayed; and so it came about, most curiously, that Ruth went home with her. Under those endless miles of elevated railroad, over those endless miles of torn-up street that New York is always ready to offer you.

A cloud drifted across the sun. A few flakes of a substance that seemed unakin to country snow came dropping down to mingle with the swirling dust. The unheated cab was cold. The two of them had no taste for talk.

RUTH lay in her corner, her hate burning steady and clear like a core in the midst of her pity. This, she told herself, with an inward shudder at the aptness of the slang phrase, was not her funeral, and there was no reason why she should make it so. She would leave as soon as she found someone to hand Jimmy over to. But when they got there she couldn't, decently. A nurse let them in.

"She's in here," she said with practiced, gentle kindliness, and opened an inner door; and she and Jimmy vanished through it, leaving Ruth standing in a narrow hall.

If only she could turn and walk out! There was a grief of her own waiting to set its teeth in her. But—she shuddered at the thought of it—she might be really needed.

She went down the hall, dreading the sort of rooms she'd find at the end of it, the sort of woman who was lying dead behind that door, the sin-stained sordidness and pathos of the whole episode; and stopped on the living-room threshold to stare at a little pillow on a table. A badly constructed pillow, considerably askew; lying among the wrappings in which it had been mailed; embroidered with the dubious semblance of sweet fern, and bearing a pinned-on piece of paper on which an almost baby hand had scrawled in large printed capitals:

FOR AUNT ADDIE WITH LOVE FROM MILLIE

It had come, Ruth thought with a sudden ache in her throat, too late.

Wonderingly she looked around her at a room which, except for its shabbiness, its patched and repatched brokenness and threadbareness, might have been the Seaveys', with its sober horsehair-and-walnut furniture, hooked rugs, heating stove, little winter garden of partridge berries and bear moss and wintergreen under glass.

The odor of sweet fern from the pillow—that spicy cinnamonlike smell that was the essence of her childhood—reminded her sharply how differently death came to you in the country where those old things belonged—where once she had thought herself so lonely. How everybody came to see if he could help. How everybody you knew banded together to stand between you and loneliness.

SHE went down the hall and stopped on the living-room threshold to stare at a little pillow on a table.

BUT the thing that loosed the tears in her and dimmed her eyes, so that she had to wink before she could see it clearly, was a framed sampler on the wall.

With minute and careful varicolored stitches it portrayed trees and rocks and a river, and set forth this verse:

Oh, Child, this sorry Vale of Tears
Will better be if thou art kind.
Through all thy weary Tale of Years,
Oh, ever keep this Thought in Mind.

Ruth too had stitched those words, at the age of ten. Sitting, mostly, under the old apple tree beside the well sweep. They made a dog she had had and loved, named Peter, stand suddenly there before her. These on the wall had been done—she went up close—by "Abigail (Jimmy) Stetson, aged 9." And the stitches were better than hers.

So "Jimmy" wasn't a Greenwich Village nickname, after all. Ruth's father had called *her*, she remembered suddenly, Bunny for a while when she was little.

Where had Jimmy sat, she wondered, when she made her sampler? And had Jimmy's mother, dead now behind that door, brought sewing, or apples with paring knife and corer, and sat beside her, as Ruth's mother had done?

And then the door opened and she saw Jimmy's mother, lying calm, strong and secure, like a carving life had worked at until it said with power and simplicity the difficult and enduring things on which people like the Stetsons and the Seaveys had reared themselves.

The door closed as the nurse came out, and, for one of those moments that reveal more than years of mere existence, it was Ruth's mother, as well as Jimmy's, who was dead there.

"It's awful," the nurse said, "to die in a big city when you don't know anybody! They don't seem to have any friends at all. I guess the young lady didn't have time to make them.

"Three years is a long while to nurse anybody and do your work too. She hasn't had a nurse till the last four days—all the money went for doctors and medicines. They tried everything. I couldn't get word to her in time—the end came so unexpectedly. She was practicing for a third job she was going to take on. She already had two, you know."

"No," Ruth murmured; "I didn't know."

"I'm so glad you've come. If you wouldn't mind straightening up a little—"

The nurse put down an apron she had brought and started out again. At the door she stopped.

"I don't know what would have happened to her if she hadn't decided to marry that nice young man. It seemed a queer time to do it, but, as I was telling her, if she was ever going to need a husband it was now."

She went on out. Ruth stood still for a long time. Then she put on the apron and began to dust. The Seaveys were like that.

So, she thought, wiping the dust off the old broken horsehair-and-walnut furniture of Abigail (Jimmy) Hempstead, what she wanted, Jimmy had won; what she had wanted to be, Jimmy was; and all the filth had been in her own mind!

Washing the chipped and cracked odds and ends of dishes with which Jimmy had kept house while she danced and sang (with what now seemed to Ruth incredible gallantry) and got shoved back foot by foot in that shoulder-to-shoulder struggle with Death, there was a part of Ruth that was *glad* Jimmy had won!

"Why *wouldn't* he marry a girl like that, if he could get her, in preference to *me?*" she thought. "Why wouldn't any man?"

"I'm not fit to black her shoes!" she said, when Hempstead came. "But I'd like to, some day, if she'd let me!"

A light came into his face.

"Do you mean you're—well, you're not going to sit in judgment on people any more? Not just Jimmy, of course, but people? Do you really? It's the only thing that ever queered our friendship, Ruth!"

She nodded, unable to manage many words. It took all her courage for the words that had to be said. She said them standing up, straight and small.

"I don't think I'll—ever judge a human soul again! There—there's no use wishing you happiness. You've got it—in yourselves."

"*Who's* got it?" he said blankly; and then saw in a flash. "Good Lord! It wasn't me that Jimmy married—it was Dick Hardy, her dancing partner! I lent them my place to stay in. The girl *I* was figuring on marrying, if she could ever stand for my kind of people, was *you*."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—From what source did Samuel Clemens derive his *nom de plume?*

2—How many signatures are there to the Declaration of Independence?

3—What was the baptismal name of General Grant?

4—Where and when was the famous Liberty bell made?

5—Where was the expression John Bull first used?

6—What is a homily?

7—Where was the American Legion organized?

8—What does the word gospel mean?

9—What American city contains a monument commemorating the sea gull?

10—What does the title mahatma mean?

11—What is a young salmon called?

12—What language is spoken in Hungary?

13—What does the word *cliché* mean?

14—What is skittles?

15—What is the meaning of the word crux?

16—Who was Gambrinus?

17—What animal is said never to drink water?

18—Who invented the piano?

19—What is a gerrymander?

20—Who was President during the War of 1812?

(Answers will be found on page 49)

What aspirin tablets are pleasant to take—and why?
(see page 49 for the answer)

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Vox

What's Going on in Hitler's Head?

BOSTON, MASS.—Good old Liberty is continuing its policy of giving us informative, stimulating articles. Such an article was the one about Hitler, by George Sylvester Viereck.

The future of Europe depends largely on the youth of Germany. One reason why Viereck's article was so absorbing was that he threw a searchlight into the

mind of the man who sways a vast section of Germany's youth.

It's going to be an arresting spectacle, during the next few years, to watch Hitler in his brown Fascist shirt fight the Bolshevist with his red flag.

An article like " 'When I Take Charge of Germany' " makes Liberty's readers shout " Encore! "—*F. Tyler.*

A Lot o' Shootin' About "Shoot and Be Damned!"

BRISTOL, VA.-TENN.—Of all Liberty stories, the most pathetic attempt yet published by you has just started: " Shoot and Be Damned! "

Wonder if Halyburton could tell this story all over again without forgetting what he said the first time.—*H. E. Bridges.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—Your story, " Shoot and Be Damned! " is typical of the war days. Let's have more of them.

We Baltimore folks just eat them up. —*Dan C. Seers.*

PEORIA, ILL.—We of German extraction hesitate to believe the fantastic tales of atrocities as related by Sergeant Halyburton in his articles, " Shoot and Be Damned! "

These things might have happened in China or Hindustan, but *not* in Germany.—*A Constant Reader.*

HOBOKEN, N. J.—I assure you I appreciate greatly your story, " Shoot and Be Damned! " I am sorry to say that things like this happened often during the war. I was a German and have seen the treatment of war prisoners.—*German ex-Soldier, now American Citizen.*

TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—As for this " Shoot and Be Damned! "—well, I'll be damned! In the words of the immortal Black Crows—why bring that up? Jingoism is dead—or should be—and wrapped in graveclothes.—*No. 33693, C. E. F.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—It is hardly believable that " Shoot and Be Damned! " was written in 1932. It rather looks to me as if it was written to order in 1918, to be used by Liberty Bond salesmen.—*Joseph Goutte.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I get a great big kick out of reading " Shoot and Be Damned! " I was in the army myself, and reached the other side, and, *boy*, how that stuff brings army days back to me!—*J. D.*

"This Great Big Hurrah About Liquor"

NORFOLK, VA.—If liquor means prosperity, why is it England had to change from the gold standard to the silver standard to balance her budget? And why is it Germany and other countries that have the full benefit of their liquor revenues and no Eighteenth Amendment to bother them, cannot meet their reparation payments to this country?

W. H. Jeffery

If you turn the searchlight of truth on the past depressions in this country, you will fail to find where liquor or its revenues saved us in the least then. How can it save us in a world-wide depression now? This great big hurrah about liquor bringing prosperity back is just a big false alarm.

We need something better than liquor revenues to give us a full dinner pail again, and keep labor going at full time. —*W. H. Jeffery.*

MASSENA, N. Y.—France made a mistake when they sent us the Statue of Liberty. They only sent us the statue, and we have to go to Canada or to Europe for the liberty.—*J. N. D.*

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Do you know, a few years ago, the prohibitionists were telling us how prohibition had greatly increased prosperity, and—say, what has become of that argument?—*Lowell Riley.*

Did Amelia Earhart's Flight Help Aviation?

PARIS, FRANCE—I have heard from America that Amelia Earhart's splendid flight was hastened because I was bold enough to state, in " Why I Believe Women Pilots Can't Fly the Atlantic," that no woman was able to do the flight. I take that for what it is worth.

I cannot help admiring her success, though I fail to see that it has helped aviation in any way.—*Lady Mary Heath.*

Be Hard on Us, But Spare, Oh Spare the Women!

REVERE, MASS.—What is happening to your magazine lately? Are you trying to justify the universal criticism that the American short story is deteriorating?

Must we always revert to European standards for literary *genre* and short-story entertainment?

Anthony C. Rizzio

Another indictment against your publication is the declining quality of short-story contributions of women writers. Outside of interest to the lovelorn, most of their work seems to be of no literary value.

On still another count your short short stories are guilty of being excessively terrible. If they were any shorter they would be too long to wade through.

Now, who is guilty on these charges? The reading public, the author, or the editor?—*Anthony C. Rizzio.*

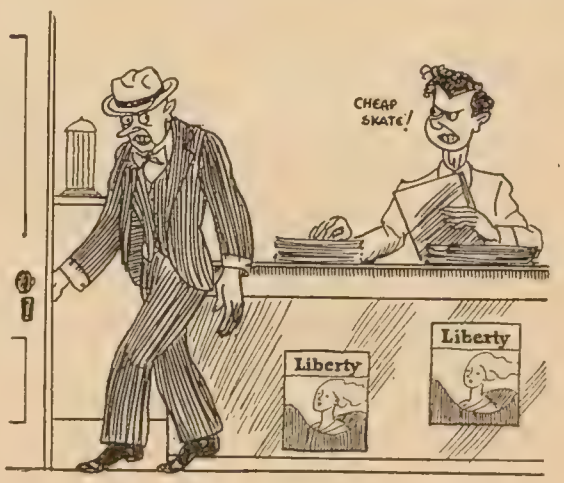
A Flower for Grace Perkins

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—If your next installment of that superfine story, " No More Orchids," by Grace Perkins, is as short as that in this week's issue, I'm going to quit reading a damn' fine weekly.—*C. Frederick.*

Look on Page 47, and—Whoops!

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—What has happened to Bert Green's fair dame, Diana? She hasn't been appearing in Liberty as often as she ought to. Has the effort of keeping a diary become too much in these lazy summer months?

You know this depression has hit me pretty bad, and it has become slightly



embarrassing for me when I go snooping down to the corner drug store, peer into the pages of Liberty, and then walk out without buying it. But even with the druggist muttering " Cheap skate! " under his breath, it would be a wasted nickel unless Bert Green's depression cure was there.

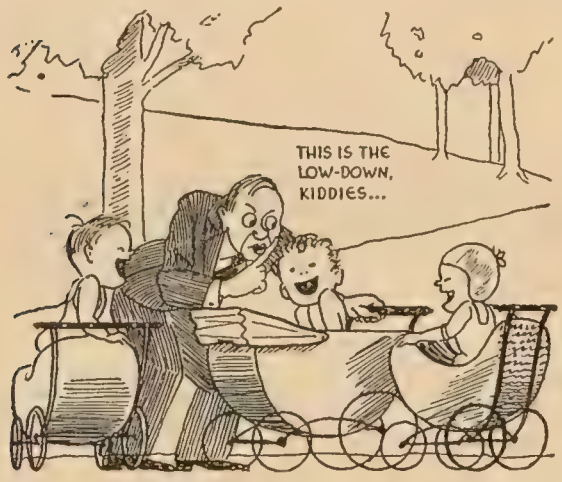
Let's have more of it!—*H. L. W.*

Pop

Spilling the Beans About Babies

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Folks, the lid's off, the truth's out about the baby contests that we've been looking at with a leery, suspicious eye for a mighty long time. W. H. (Bill) Rice is the man who spilled the beans in his write-up, "Those Shady Baby Contests."

The gist of the matter is that no mere ticket-selling contest can decide which



is the prettiest, cutest baby in town. It's just a racket to raise money and trade on the vanity of mothers.

Why, most of these contests are such fakes that the babies themselves would laugh 'em right out of existence if somebody would whisper the truth into the kiddies' ears.—*George.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It is to be regretted that every mothers' club could not have read to its members Liberty's article, "Those Shady Baby Contests." Such ignorance as is displayed by mothers and fathers is as difficult to understand as the Republican declaration for the submission of the Eighteenth Amendment. There is just no one able to grasp it.—*Vera Nelson.*

From Shaw, to Viereck, to Us

NEW YORK, N. Y.—You will remember that in my article, "Can a Third Party Succeed? No! Says Senator Borah," I referred repeatedly to Bernard Shaw. Here is what Shaw has to say about the article:

DEAR VIERECK:

Thanks for the Borah interview.

He is the only American whose brains seem properly baked: the others are all either crumbs or gruel.

Perhaps that is because he is the only genuine hundred-per-center.

(Signed) G. B. S.

—*George Sylvester Viereck.*

Security vs. Wealth

CHICAGO, ILL.—Many unfair criticisms have been hurled at the back-to-the-land movement which Liberty has been sponsoring. Why in the world can't people get it through their heads that the return-to-the-farm advocates are concerned not with handing food to the jobless, but with putting them in a position to grow their own food? In other words, the movement is concerned not with superficial charity, but with rehabilitation—not with handing money to people, but with restoring people's livelihood.

The farmers thought they would make more money if they left their land and turned industrialists. So they poured into the cities. They sacrificed security for the prospect of wealth.

But now that industry is stagnating it's up to many farmers to realize that they took a chance, lost, and had better return to their old way of life.—*M. Robinson.*

Those American Bourbons

MONROEVILLE, IND.—Do you suppose an honest Hoosier (one of the so-called masses) could air a few of his views on Mr. Vanderbilt's latest atrocity? It was called, "Do the American Bourbons Realize Fate?" If so, here goes.

Cornelius, you old meanie, you put yourself in the rôle of a stool pigeon. Such crust! It is no wonder your money-burdened pals (God help them!) are wont to say fie on you, and slap your wrists.

S. Stanley Marquardt

It would not surprise me much if they should steal Al Capone's stuff and put you on the spot and not allow you in the élite speakeasies.

Do not believe that the sane-thinking middle class would ever resort to war to take the upper crust's gold spoon from its mouth when it can be done much easier by legislation.

Now, you come back and say, "Big money controls our government in both political parties." But you and I are seeing the wane of this situation right now.—*S. Stanley Marquardt.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I imagine that the only person who cares very much about Mr. Vanderbilt being a "traitor" to his fellow Four Hundred is—Mr. Vanderbilt. Wouldn't it be terrible if *nobody* cared?—*Not a Rich Man.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—When franker, finer, truer articles are written, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., will write them. It took courage to write about the rich as he did. But Mr. Vanderbilt is as well endowed with courage as he is with brains. —*Man Who Likes Straight Talk.*

Big Thought from Boston

BOSTON, MASS.—Sometimes I can do a good job of thinking. Here's my latest thought. If Liberty were three times as good as it is, it would be worth—three cents.—*Half-Baked Bean.*

"Soak Idleness of Every Kind"

WHITEVILLE, N. C.—In re your editorial titled "Soak Idleness of Every Kind," I was particularly interested in the fifth paragraph:

"If we could revise this moss-grown procedure and get the idea over of taxing idleness of every nature—the idle rich, idle money, idle land—use this stimulus to enforce activity in every phase of civil life—then we could expect constructive development."

In the above paragraph one can readily discern, with a little thought, a solution that might lead to the return of more prosperous times.

"Soak Idleness of Every Kind" was by far the best editorial that has ever appeared in your O. K. magazine. Give us more of 'em, Bernarr!—*Isadore E. Goldstein.*

What a Man!

MACON, GA.—Let's have more of Helen Topping Miller's stuff. The human interest of "Hurricane" was restful after so much riot, racket, and ruin.

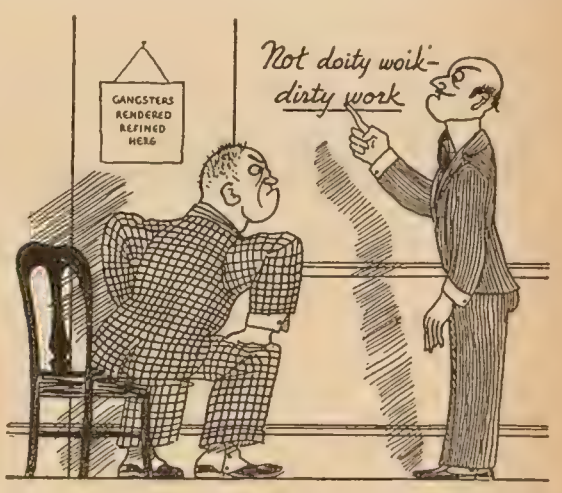
All the world loves a lover, and Helen Topping Miller's lover is so wise he deserves to be victorious. The way he holds his tenderness in reserve for the psychological moment is so winning I could fall on my knees for him myself.—*K. Dewson Gostin.*

You Should Quit Drinking

DETROIT, MICH.—I always read Liberty in a speakeasy. It's when I'm cockeyed that I like a cockeyed magazine.—*Pat.*

All Right, We'll Send Our Gangsters to College

TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—I think that Liberty's type of gangster story ought to be suppressed. But if Liberty *must* have gangster stories, at least let the



characters in the stories speak English and not use so much slang.

"Doity woik," "ape-faced skunk," and similar phrases offend the eye when in print, and the ear when read or spoken. Consciously or unconsciously, the younger generation patterns its language and action on those of the depraved heroes of such stories.—*Robert.*

Shoot and Be Damned!

Two Men Without a Country—Boxing Gloves, and a Double K. O. Framed in Whiskers—A Girl at Tuchel—Lisaveta and the Song of Songs

By SERGEANT ED HALYBURTON, D.S.M.

As told to RALPH GOLL

(Reading time: 24 minutes 35 seconds.)

THE arrival at Tuchel of a literally life-saving first shipment of American Red Cross rations opened last week's installment of Sergeant Halyburton's narrative. A possible Allied secret agent appeared in the guise of a haughty Prussian lieutenant; and then came the tumultuous entrance upon the grim Tuchel scene of "hell-roaring" Bud Briggs—"a sergeant, and a God-damned good one!" as he didn't mind saying himself. In him it developed that the Germans had captured an obstreperous lunatic. Appointed dugout cook, he used tooth paste and flea powder for seasoning.

An elderly aristocrat, Captain von Amerbach, was sent by the German War Office to serve the Americans as interpreter. He proved a good friend to them. It was he who tipped them off that Privates Holakoff and Brunner, two more doughboy prisoners just arriving, were deserters from the A. E. F. who had hoped to serve in the German army. Halyburton and his comrades resolved to execute these traitors. Their only means of doing it would be poison, the ptomaines in spoiled food.

What follows is an authentic war document. The names of all persons, except obviously true names and that of Halyburton, have been changed. With these exceptions all characters in the story have been given fictitious names.

PART SIX—LOVE LAUGHS AT MACHINE-GUNNERS

STRANGELY, no spoiled foods had been found in two weekly withdrawals from the *Zeughaus*. But a third batch brought a can of roast beef that looked noxious enough to kill a regiment.

Holakoff and Brunner shuffled into the dugout. I looked around. We were alone.

"The boys have been making it pretty tough for you, haven't they?" I asked, trying to force a smile.

My victims only stared at me.

"I'm sick of seeing you kicked around and starved," I said. "I'm going to fix it so no one will molest you."

The pair continued to stare without speaking. I had concluded that they had reached a point where they would eat anything set before them. I said, "I'm going to give you something to eat—but you're not to mention it to anyone."

I wished the doomed two would say something—anything! Out of their sight I produced the can of contaminated meat and ripped off the broken lid, cutting my fingers in my nervous haste. Attributing the injury to them, I used it to whip up my determination to kill them.

I emptied the meat into a soup bowl. "Here, get this down before somebody sees you."

Brunner reached for the bowl, and I turned my back and hurried from the dugout, meeting a young Russian near the door. He was one of the group that always hung around hoping to get a hand-out.

I felt more like a murderer in flight than an agent of justice. It was in vain that I told myself the traitors had forfeited all consideration as human beings.

They were men—God damn it!—men!

I had known enough suffering to want to be merciful. And I could admire bravery.

Holakoff and Brunner had the courage of their convictions, at least. Back in the United States thousands of disloyalists were hiding under the guise of patriotism and profiting through the war.

A feeling of self-abhorrence seized me. Man-killer though I was, I could not be a poisoner.

Whirling, I ran back. The bowl was empty!

"You ate it?" I managed to ask.

Holakoff growled: "Hell, no! This fool, he gave it to that Russian. Maybe it was spoiled—huh? But I'd have eaten it anyhow. Spoiled meat never hurt Holakoff."

"Yes," said Brunner. "I gave it to the Russian. Does it matter if we are hungry? You will kill us soon."

I waited to hear no more, but rushed outdoors with a faint hope that I could catch the Slav in time. He was standing beside the barbed wire. He seemed to be looking for somebody in the adjoining inclosure. His ration bowl was right side up in the crook of his arm.

As I dashed up to him I saw that he had eaten little, if any, of the polluted meat. I snatched his bowl and emptied the contents in a near-by latrine.

"*Fleisch nicht gut,*" I explained. "*Tod!*"

Apparently he did not believe me, for he began crying. I assured him in my broken German that I would give him a can of good food the next day.

No further attempts were made to kill Holakoff and Brunner. The other men eventually tired of tormenting them, and I issued an order that neither was to be abused, though I forbade friendly relations with them.

Soon afterward Holakoff offered himself for farm work and went out with a detail of Russians. Glad to be rid of him, I made no inquiries when he did not return. To Brunner's perverse mind treason had seemed a glorious adventure. He had looked for supermen among the Germans. I had looked for barbarians. We had found a people not much different from any other.

Now, scorned by fellow captives and guards alike, the youth was without a friend.

We had saved ourselves from physical starvation. Now

Picture by
WILL GRAVEN

"HURRY!" pleaded Lisaveta. "Come this way!" She was trying to open a path for me, jerking at the wire. It struck me that for a man-hater she showed a lot of concern for my safety.

we were sex-starved, hungry for anything that suggested women.

"Write to the Red Cross, Frank," I told Upton. "Maybe they'll send the boys a carload of nurses."

"I'll write at once," said Frank, without smiling. "Shall we have them shipped in bulk or addressed to individuals?"

In a more serious mood, I tried to invent games and plan athletic contests that would relieve us of sexual pressure and its attendant mental aberrations. My efforts were not very successful, for we had nothing with which to play except cards and dice.

As though in answer to a wish, there appeared at the gate of our inclosure, one morning in late June, a scrawny civilian of solemn mien who carried a briefcase in one hand and in the other—what but a set of boxing gloves! He was escorted by Captain von Amerbach.

Geoghegan was first to see the man in mufti. "Oh, papa, look what Santa Claus is bringing us!"

I turned toward the approaching visitor. "My God, what is it? Jess Willard?"

"What is it! Can't you figure that out for yourself, *Dummkopf?* It's the Y. M. C. A., or I'll eat a Russian!"

"Oh, yeah? I always expected to run into a Y secretary my first five minutes in hell, but what would one be doing here?"

CAPTAIN VON AMERBACH brought the civilian to the door of Woodchuck Inn, smiling thinly.

"This is Mr. Herman Merkel of the International Young Men's Christian Association," he said. "Mr. Merkel is American born."

I bristled. "An American?"

"Mr. Merkel was working for his organization in Berlin when the United States entered the war," von Amer-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[Continued from page thirty-five]

bach explained. "He was permitted to remain. In fact, he refused to leave, it being his belief that he could do more for his fellow men here than anywhere else."

I thought I detected irony in the captain's words. "What does he want?"

Merkel was smiling. "You think that I am a German sympathizer, sergeant. My sympathy goes out to all men. I do not love America less because I am here. I believe it is my Christian duty to remain in Germany. You don't need to tell me that I face imprisonment, death, or exile. I foresaw that when I made my choice. All I ask is that you let me help you and your men."

I had to admit that he seemed absolutely sincere.

"Merkel," I said, "if you weren't working for Germany you wouldn't be here except as a prisoner. As for helping us, that's up to you. We need things—those boxing gloves, for instance. We'll accept them, but don't get the idea that we can be bought with favors."

Merkel did not seem offended.

"The boxing gloves are yours, and no strings are attached to them—except the ones you see," he jested.

When he left, Captain von Amerbach saw him as far as the street leading to headquarters, then returned to us and called me aside.

"Sergeant, I'm afraid that Germany is losing the war! Great battles are going against us."

"Then that accounts for the visit from Mr. Merkel? They want to swing us over to Germany now?"

"Perhaps. But order your men to be very careful. Our troops will be in a surly mood and any little thing may cause bloodshed."

His warning came none too soon. *Schildwachen* who had been allowing the men on fatigue duty to do almost as they pleased became suddenly abusive, as if trying to provoke a fight that would excuse murder. For several days Captain von Amerbach, *Feldwebel* Breitmann, and I kept the *Artillerie Strasse* warm in our efforts to prevent an outbreak.

Two of the boys put on boxing gloves and engaged in a bout outside the casern. Soon they were the center of a gaping crowd of Russians. The match over, somebody put the gloves on a pair of big muzhiks who had just come in from a farm detail, well fed and healthy. Upton volunteered to referee the fight.

"In this corner, Bumwhiskey, the Staggering Stew of the Steppes!" announced Frank. "And in this corner, Backitch, the Muscovite Moocher! Tuck in your beards, boys, and shake hands. You understand the rules—*da, da?—ja, ja?* When I count—*comme ça—ein, zwei, drei,* and so on up to ten—*zehn*—why, zehn you quitsky. Stopsky. *Nicht streit. Das Ende.* All right, go to it!"

Neither Russian had ever seen boxing gloves before. Swinging on each other, they connected simultaneously. Then they were after each other with teeth and boots.

The spectators went wild. Almost before we knew what was happening we had a riot on our hands, the one fight precipitating fifty others.

FOR several months the guards had not enforced the rules against gatherings and disturbances. But now the sentries began to swing the muzzles of the machine guns in the crow's nests. *Schildwachen* were running from the guardroom with bayonets at thrust position.

In the excitement no one noticed them. One of the muzhiks in gloves felled his opponent. Upton started counting: "*Ein, zwei--*"

Out of the corner of my eye I saw a machine gun swing our way, and saw that the gunner meant business.

"Stop 'em, Frank!" I yelled, and pointed. Then both of us yelled our heads off.

By sheer luck, we got the rioters' attention in an instant. As they took in the situation they broke for cover. The only ones who didn't were the battlers of the century. Backitch was astride Bumwhiskey now, pommeling him with his elbows.

I grabbed Frank's arm and we flopped into the casern. The prostrate Bumwhiskey brought up his knee viciously and his adversary rolled over, groaning. Both were out.

Satisfied with the result of his threat, the gunner in the crow's nest refrained from firing. The charging *Schildwachen* halted and turned back to the guardhouse, leaving the pair where they lay.

"Why in hell didn't you stop them?" I asked Upton.

"My God!" said he, "I wanted to, but I just couldn't think of the word for ten!"

. . . . .

Dula Eroshkin was the young Russian from whom I had recovered the spoiled meat. I called him Skin, the shortened name fitting perfectly. He seemed to get thinner every day, though I often gave him food. In time it occurred to me that he might be selling the hand-outs.

The next time the youth turned up at the casern I gave him two chunks of bread and a can of salmon. Thanking me profusely, he bowed his way out into the street.

I waited a few seconds, then followed, finding it dark enough outdoors to trail him closely. My quarry walked directly to the barrier. He was singing mournfully, dividing his attention between the neighboring barrack block and the nearest machine-gun post.

Presently he fell silent and a rich, vibrant voice on the other side of the *Drathverau* took up the song. The singer came closer to the wire, and I could make out the figure of a *Führer,* slim, smooth-faced. and neatly uniformed. The two conversed eagerly.

SUDDENLY Skin tossed the bread and salmon into the other inclosure. There were words of gratitude from the recipient of the food, a rush to pick up the stuff, and then Skin was alone. He started singing again.

I caught him as he backed away from the wire.

"*Was ist? Wer ist das?*"

The young Russian, terrified, tried to jerk free.

"*Sprech!*" I commanded.

"*Meine Schwester—*"

"Your *sister!* Do you expect me to believe that *Führer* was your sister, fool? You are selling the food I give you!"

"*Nyet! nyet! nein!*" he protested tearfully. "*Es ist treu—es ist meine Schwester!*"

"You lie! A woman here among a hundred thousand men?"

He was sobbing, begging me not to tell. "Say nothing, I beg of you! If it should become known—"

I sat down. "I'll say nothing. But remember, you'll get no more food if I find that you're deceiving me."

He crouched at my feet and told his story. Dula and Lisaveta Eroshkin were the youngest children in a family that had once lived in Minsk. Being orphaned, they had joined the Kerensky army, the girl enlisting in the Battalions of Death with thousands of others of her sex, donning a man's uniform and swearing like her comrades to die rather than submit to capture.

Brother and sister had been taken prisoner at Smorgon. In sorting their captives the Germans had not discovered Lisaveta's sex and she and Dula had been among the men sent to Tuchel. As she was a noncommissioned officer of the highest grade, the camp authorities had given her the command of a casern, thus enabling her to avoid examination at the fumigation plant.

As he gave it, this explanation made her presence in Tuchel again seem impossible—a miracle. Later I was to learn that there were hundreds of women among the Russian prisoners; that if a woman once got inside the wire without her sex becoming known, she could so manage that there would be hardly a chance of discovery.

Dula, confined in our inclosure, had been passing on to Lisaveta all the food I set out for him.

"That is the truth," he said, ending his narrative.

"All right," I said. "I'll take your word. Come to me tomorrow and there will be food for both of you."

Skin slipped away, and I went over to the wire and stood staring into the darkness, merely to be nearer a spot where a woman had walked a little while before.

What was this Lisaveta like? I wondered. Skin, in normal flesh, would have been a handsome youth. Perhaps she resembled him.

My years as a soldier had taught me to regard women as realistically as war. I had had my affairs with Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady—but I had never met a woman soldier. I mapped my campaign in military style.

A good many obstacles would have to be overcome before I reached her. Love might laugh at locksmiths, but how about machine-gunners and barbed-wire barriers? Still, in Tuchel, with food at my disposal, I could count on success in almost any enterprise.

For several days I prepared the way for the offensive by sending over chocolate, tea, and sugar to Lisaveta. Her appreciation, as described by Skin, encouraged me. I insisted on accompanying him to their rendezvous.

When we reached the wire the youth began singing his song. There was an immediate response and Lisaveta appeared beyond the wire.

She was directly opposite us before she sensed my presence and stopped and stiffened. With her slim body, clipped hair, heavy eyebrows, and compressed lips, she looked the part of an unusually well favored young fellow. Only her eyes betrayed her. They were large and dark and the lashes long.

With the hair and clothing of a woman she would be most beautiful, I imagined. At the same time, I knew a good sergeant when I saw one. She had what it takes to lead the human pack.

Skin looked worshipfully at his sister, then at me. "She can speak English," he said. "*Weise—ja?*"

She came closer, her eyes sweeping me from head to foot. Thrilled and vitalized, I saluted her. She returned the courtesy contemptuously.

"It is a pleasure to meet our American comrade," she said hesitantly. "I have not had—what is it?—the occasion to speak your language very often. My father taught it to me. He once lived in America."

Entranced, I stood and stared idiotically.

"Have you nothing to say, sergeant?" she taunted. "Or are you outraged because a mere woman has become a soldier and your superior in rank? Men are such fools."

Still I could not find my tongue. To be listening to a woman!

"Why did you come here? Did you want to see what you were buying and feeding? Don't look at me like that, damn you!"

"If I have helped you it is because I have food to waste," I said. "I came here out of curiosity."

"You thought you would see something like a bearded lady at a fair! You must be disappointed."

"I'm not, but you're doing your act," I said. "Trying to be theatrical. Get me?"

The Americans at Tuchel after some weeks of the life-saving Red Cross rations. Seated on the dugout roof, smoking, is Danny Gallagher; next him, with an eye patch, is Hoyt Decker. In the front row, third from the left, is Sergeant Halyburton.

"I'M a Russian and a realist," she countered angrily. "I do and think what is natural."

"Hating men and aping them isn't natural. What you need is a man who'll beat you up."

"I thought Americans were always protecting womanhood! You're sure you don't want to protect me?"

"I'm sure you can take care of yourself," I retorted. "And protecting 'em isn't in my line."

"No," said Lisaveta. "Your line, as you call it, is telling them they need beating up!"

"You seem to resent that."

The girl soldier tossed her head. "When the Germans captured me, I didn't kill myself because I knew I could outwit and beat them. It's one thing to be captured by a man, another to be subdued by him."

"Well, I've broken men," I grinned, "and I think I could break a woman—even a she top sergeant."

"You're amusing! If you'll toss me some cigarettes—"

As I threw a package over the wire, Skin jerked my arm. The lookout was traversing his gun uneasily.

"We'd better look for cover." I blew her a kiss. "I'll be over some night soon."

With a gesture of defiance hardly ladylike, Lisaveta retreated from the wire.

Every evening after that I myself carried food to her. We quarreled regularly about everything under the sun.

"I'll look for you tonight," was her parting taunt.

My only hope of reaching her lay in penetrating the wire. This would require much time and patience; for when I experimented the barbs bit into my flesh and clothing at every turn.

THE machine-gunner, a dwarfish *Landsturm* soldier, seemed always to have the muzzle of his weapon pointed in my direction. Bright as were the lights, I felt certain that he would see me before I got halfway through.

"Why, how did you scratch yourself?" she gibed when I appeared with my hands and neck lacerated.

"You rate two punches in the nose now," I told her grimly.

I knew none of the machine-gunners except by sight. The nature of their duties made them difficult of approach. They climbed to their perches from the other side of the *Drathverau* and never spoke to prisoners. Yet we had learned that most of the *Schildwachen*, if not all, had their weaknesses.

As for the undersized one whose nervous toying with his Maxim had alarmed us, I reasoned that if he was always wrestling with a temptation to shoot he had not the moral fiber to refuse a bribe.

Just before my evening appointments with the girl, I made it my custom to walk along the barrier to a point within a few feet of the tower. There I would sit for a time, smoking, munching chocolate, and counting my money.

The machine-gunner's interest in my movements was intense. I pretended to ignore him.

After two or three days I shifted my position to the base of the tower. Apparently he had been waiting for me to do just that; for something snaked down through the shadows and struck my back. It was the end of a long ammunition belt.

He was holding to the other end of the belt with the air of a fisherman casting a line. Suddenly I realized that this Heinie was fishing indeed!

I dove into my pockets with alacrity and brought out two packages of cigarettes, three bars of chocolate, and sixty marks, all of which I tied in a rag and fastened to the loose end of the belt. He pulled, and his catch disappeared over the edge of the gun platform.

When I thought he had had time to examine it, I motioned discreetly toward the adjoining inclosure. He looked away from me significantly. He would see nothing I might choose to do.

Hot with victory, I hurried to my rendezvous.

"I looked for you last night," she taunted. "Are you still sure that you can come over some evening?"

The *Schildwache* had tilted the nose of his machine gun. He might have been studying the stars through a telescope.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHOOT AND BE DAMNED!
Continued from page thirty-seven]

Very carefully I parted the strands of wire and began easing my body through the barrier.

"Don't do that!" cried Lisaveta. "You're crazy! They'll shoot you!"

I laughed and continued to worm my way toward her. Nothing less than a devilish genius had gone into the stringing of that wire. Each strand seemed possessed of individual life and cussedness, springing back and scratching and hooking me just when I thought I had evaded it.

"Go back," she pleaded. "No—hurry! Come this way! No, go back! He's looking—he'll shoot!"

I was not afraid. The double double cross seemed beyond the conception of the German mind.

She was trying to open a path for me, jerking at the *Drathverau*. It struck me that for a man-hater she showed a lot of concern for my safety—a lot of pluck, too, for she could not know that I had bribed the guard.

I crawled on, shook off the last wire, and rolled out at her feet, sweating and bleeding.

She dropped to her knees. "I am sorry, comrade sergeant. You are hurt! It's my fault. How will you ever get back? He will be sure to see you the next time."

"You're thinking a long way ahead," I taunted. "Maybe I won't go back."

Her white teeth flashed. "Are you never serious?"

"You said I was a fool," I reminded her.

She grimaced. "Let's get away from that wire." I followed her to one of the many abandoned caserns near by. Lighting cigarettes, we studied each other in silence. The flare of the match revealed a face the full strength of which I had not previously appreciated.

"I thought you were going to beat me," she said softly, exhaling smoke with a sigh of satisfaction.

"I'm one of those men born to be prisoners, I guess. I came to beat the Germans; but, as they say, '*gelangen, gefangen, gehangen.*' Now you've captured me and I'm hanging—around."

She laughed. "We can be good comrades. But let's forget sex. If you've come with that idea you'll be disappointed."

"That wasn't my idea," I assured her. "I only wanted to find out if I could get through that damned wire."

She relaxed, resting her head on the slope of the dugout roof. "I like that, sergeant. I've always thought that what the knight-errant really said to the princess after he climbed the tower was, 'I couldn't resist the temptation to try my sword on that damned dragon.'"

"I'll admit," I said, "that curiosity had something to do with my coming over. You might tell me how you're able to get by as a man. I would have caught on, I think."

"MOST men here are so stupid that they wouldn't believe me a woman if I told them," she said. "I have a little room in my casern where I dress, bathe, and sleep. The Germans do not give me any trouble. You see, I dominate the prisoners in this inclosure. I treat them fairly and keep up their morale. When we're released I'll have a regiment of good soldiers under me."

"But the war probably will be over then," I interposed. "What in God's name do you want of a regiment?"

Lisaveta motioned toward the east. "Out there a revolution is being fought. I want to take an army from Tuchel to the defense of my people."

She spoke calmly, as though certain of herself and her dreams. Though I tried to scoff at her, I understood that she might well be able to lead her fellow countrymen. She was a far stronger character than any male I had met in the camp.

"Maybe you'll let me join your army," I said.

"My men have been telling me about you," she responded, with grave directness. "They tell me you are a good officer who protects his men and shares with the starving. They would like to have you for a leader."

There being few things that a man would rather do than talk about himself to a girl, I fell to telling of my adventures.

"Why should you want to return to your army?" she asked after hearing of my duel with Mora. "You'll be court-martialed. You may be sent to prison. Haven't you had enough of prison life?"

"I know. But it's a chance I have to take."

She clasped my right hand firmly. "Take a chance with me, comrade. Come with me when the Germans turn us loose. Put on a Russian uniform and march out with us. We will be bound out on a great adventure. We'll be fighting for the poor!"

I WAS startled by her proposal. Then I tried to laugh. But laughter would not come. Her revolutionary fancies had gripped me. In Russia I might become the head of an army! Returning to France, I might be shipped to Leavenworth in chains. . . .

The wind whipped through the wire with a little sound like the whimpering cry of distant bugles.

"I have my men, Lisaveta. I can't desert them."

"Not even if I were to make you my partner in—everything?"

"You mean—? No, no. They're my men. I've got to look after them."

I looked away from her, afraid that she would resort to the come-hither stuff.

But Lisaveta was manlike in her acceptance of my decision, even applauding it.

"I like that," she said. "You *are* a good sergeant."

For several hours we remained beside the dugout. When I returned to the other side of the *Drathverau* I had not so much as laid a hand on her; yet my resolution to stick with my outfit was weakening.

At our casern I found everyone asleep except Brunner. He looked at me hollow-eyed, and I cursed him with a fury I did not at the moment understand.

"What's keeping you awake, you damned traitor?"

Then, throwing myself into my bunk, I tossed with silent, bitter laughter. Traitor! traitor! . . .

Early the next morning von Amerbach came around. "So many Americans have been captured this summer that a special camp is being established in west Germany," he announced. "You and your men will be sent there—probably before the end of the month."

It was now late July. The outfit would be leaving Tuchel within the week if the old man's information was correct. And I would be leaving Lisaveta. . . .

As the news spread, most of the men went wild. When I could stand the hullabaloo no longer, I fled to the wire and walked up and down in the bright sunlight, fighting my battle.

At last it was sundown—twilight—night. Slowly I made my way to the rendezvous. I was ready to surrender everything and follow her wherever she might lead me.

The outcome of Halyburton's resolve and of his wooing will appear in next week's installment, as will the circumstances of the Americans' farewell to Tuchel and their transfer to Rastatt in Baden.

LETTERS have come to Liberty complaining that Shoot and Be Damned! reflects upon the German people and is unfair to Germans individually.

Liberty regrets that the writers of these letters should have taken this attitude. Sergeant Halyburton's story is presented solely as a dramatic and highly interesting human document, teaching a forcible lesson against war in any circumstances. It is in no way intended to cast any reflection upon the German people.

In future installments, and even to some degree in the present one, it will be found that, as time goes on, Sergeant Halyburton comes to understand the Germans far better than he did when newly captured.

Bogus

A Short Short Story

By MABEL McELLIOTT CLARKE

(Reading time: 5 minutes 30 seconds.)

AFTER the maid had shown him into the library, the boy deposited the box containing the new curtains on the window seat and stared around him in frank awe. He was used to beautiful rooms—he had not been working for a fashionable firm of interior decorators for two years without having seen many of them—but this was unusual in his experience.

The rug on the floor was a rare Bokhara of soft faded tints, and one's feet sank plushily in its depths. There was a monstrous desk just in front of the bay windows. It was a museum piece, the boy remembered having heard Mr. Winthrop say. And it looked it.

He fumbled at the string which bound the box, and carefully lifted out the folded curtains. The boy wished that Mr. Winthrop would come. He was not supposed to hang them alone. He reached for the small ladder which the servant had indicated, and began to mount it. He would take the old curtains down, anyway.

On the second step, his glance was arrested by the curious sight of a small door, standing half open, midway up the wall. He could tell, because of the marks on the surrounding surface, that a picture had once hung there, hiding it. A safe—and open! He stopped, quite still, to listen. The place was deadly quiet.

He stepped down and tiptoed over to the wall safe. The small inner door swung open unresistingly to his touch. In wonderment, his hand, the frayed sleeveband pathetically showing above its young boniness, reached in and caught hold of a small packet.

The boy opened it. He held a necklace. The stones looked like diamonds; they sparkled in the light.

He remembered, suddenly, that he was hungry. He had had a piece of dry bread with his unflavored coffee that morning, and no lunch. Winthrop, Inc., paid on Saturdays. This was Friday. Ma had cried when he left, showing him the dispossess notice. Maybe the men would come today, she said. You couldn't pay rent and buy food for four people on ten dollars a week.

The boy's young face sharpened and his eyes were big and dark. Were those steps outside on the marble of the corridor? He felt a terrible pang of fear. There was no time to do anything but swing the small door lightly back. Then, he could not have said why, he slipped behind the silk curtains.

The latch clicked. He heard two voices talking simultaneously. The girl's said:

". . . Oh, they've left the new curtains. The man will be coming to hang them directly, Nikki, so we'd better make this snappy."

The other voice had the trace of an accent. It was what the boy called a "smooth voice."

"Darling, you are so good to gratify my poor curiosity."

The boy's heart beat very fast as he felt rather than saw the girl go to the safe hidden in the wall.

"Dumb of me to leave it open like that," she caroled; "but then, daddy won't know about it, and the servants are all perfectly trustworthy. Here they are—the ancestral jewels. You are a funny one, Nikki, to be so wild about mere stones. But look 'em over. Tell me what you think."

There was the sound of a small heap of packets being turned out on the surface of the desk.

The man's voice after a minute: "But these, Carola, are very fine. Especially the emeralds. Lovely. Nothing better in my father's house in the old days."

"Do you really think so?" The girl sounded pleased. "Sit down, Nikki; enjoy yourself. I'm going to see if I can get some music."

She must have gone down the length of the great room to turn the dials of the radio. When she came back she said lightly:

"Well, had enough? Tell me, what do you think of the diamond necklace?"

"Diamond necklace?" The boy in the shadow began to tremble. "I saw none."

"Come off, now, Nikki—don't tease me. It was on the top of the heap. I saw it there ten minutes ago, myself."

"I am not teasing," the man said with dignity. "Here you see all—the emeralds, the pearls, and one uncut ruby. There was no other thing."

All the casualness of the girl's voice had vanished. "I don't like practical jokes, Nikki," she said crisply. "If this is one, it's pretty sour. Give me the necklace and we'll drift before daddy comes in."

The man persisted. He had seen no necklace—he had not—he had not! The girl's voice grew shriller and more peremptory, and in the curtain's shadow the boy shivered as if with the ague. If he came out, all would be lost.

Suddenly, above the babble, one ugly word persisted. The man was flinging epithets at the girl now, brutal, horrible words that bit and stung.

"*Canaille—nouveau riche*—no manners have you—peeg of a profiteer. One is not insulted by such as you—"

"Get out!" the girl ordered hysterically. "Get out, before I throw something at you."

THE decorator's boy heard the door slam noisily, and then the sound of a girl's wild sobbing. Stealthily he came out from his hiding place. She stared at him.

"Oh—who are you? What have you been doing? Wait—don't go—I've got to call the police! Stop that man!"

Tremblingly the boy said, "Here it is." He put the necklace on the desk before her.

Her lip curled. The boy saw, in a flash, what he had done. Why, he must have been out of his head! Prison bars—and Ma, waiting, anxious-eyed, at home.

"We didn't have the rent," he said dully. "Ma said we'd be dispossessed tomorrow. I guess I was crazy. I didn't mean to take it."

He stopped. What use was it to talk? A girl like this would never understand.

She looked at him—at his frayed suit, his starved face. She shook her head. The boy's knees trembled as she lifted the phone. He heard her say:

"Wendel? Is daddy there? Put him on. I've something to tell him."

Then:

"Oh, daddy, come up here just as soon as you've finished at the stables. I've something important. . . . A man for that caretaker's job you were talking about at the farm. . . . Yes, he's got a family, a mother anyhow. . . . How do I know he's honest? Never mind. I do. And, by the way, I've just given Nikki the air. He was bogus, just as you said."

THE END

NO MORE ORCHIDS

By GRACE PERKINS

(Reading time: 28 minutes 40 seconds.)

THIS is the amazing story Anne Holt tells of her life. Though engaged to a prince, she fell in love with Tony Gage, manager of her grandfather's Brazilian plantations. She was on the point of meeting Tony and marrying him, so he might not sail without her, when she learned that Bill, her father, had shot himself. Bill left practically everything to the bank he managed. However, the bank closed its doors. Prostrated, Anne went to a sanitarium. But, advised by Glenn Clark, a lawyer, she decided to leave and find work.

PART EIGHT—UPHILL BATTLE

SO I went home.

Home!

My plans were hazy, and changed from minute to minute. But, at least, I was fresh and full of renewed strength. And I had a resolve—a goal—that was an impregnable armor. . . .

For ten days or two weeks I worked like a devil with seven tails. Closing the house—or, rather, preparing it for its new tenants. Ordering this given away, that sold, this packed up for me to take, these things put in storage. Bill's incomparable wine cellar I divided, sending some to Serge with a grateful note, some to various friends I felt under obligation to, and the rest to Glenn Clark as a gesture of appreciation—with the understanding that I might have call upon what I needed.

I sent Flossie to the Florida camp to get out a few personal treasures before that sale was final; sent the chauffeur to Southampton with two servants to do the same thing, and went down there myself for a last look-around. Saw the people who were taking over this place, the people who were taking over that place. Going over inventories, promising and trying to fulfill. . . .

There was a letter from gran waiting for me:

ANNE DARLING [she said in humped and wavering penmanship]: Your letter made me so happy. I'm—I am so thankful you are well and comfortable. I am still worried over the —?— of Bill's business affairs, but I suppose you and his lawyers are —?— and my heart has full faith that there is nothing —?— my boy's reputation. May the dear good God look over you and my prayers are with you —?—. You know if I could help I would come to you if I had to walk all the way from here to New York. And if ever you can find the time and love to come to me, Bill's home is always —?— to you.

Your loving GRAN.

Somehow I tucked that away along with the pictures and books and trifles that I was packing to take along with me. I put gran's letters in the same elastic band that held Bill's. . . . I had never read Bill's letter again—never dared to open it and look upon those heartbreaking words. But I had kept it close to me—always in a special little locked jewel case. . . . Never once did the memory of the key cross my mind—the key that had dropped out of his envelope when I opened it. . . . No doubt some maid had eventually rescued it and laid it carefully with my other keys.

Glenn went with me to search for an apartment. I wasn't going to travel. I wasn't going into hiding. I was going to stay right in New York, get me a job, and lick the world. See?

By myself I picked an apartment of five rooms at thirty-six hundred a year, and that only by concession. I felt I could be quite happy there, and had the pieces of furniture I intended to take all selected and ready to send over, when Glenn burst out in high explosives.

Did I realize I had, or would have, about twenty-five thousand in all? Did I stop to think how long that ought to last me, or what it would mean if I were to live on the income?

He began flinging figures at me. Explaining. Writing on dabs of papers and backs of envelopes. . . . By rights I should start out living on twelve hundred a year. Impossible? Great Jumping Judas, did I guess how many people lived on twelve hundred a year?

Glenn took me out to the kind of dinner such people eat; took me around and showed me some of their rooms and apartments, where two or three girls doubled up and shared expenses; took me to visit his secretary—a rather startlingly attractive and alive young creature who lived at a woman's clubhouse. . . .

As a result I decided to live in a hotel room a while and get my bearings first. Put all but one trunk in storage, and cut clean, without a maid, without a car, without anything. . . .

It was dismal. I paid thirty dollars a week for my room—and I'd gladly have given it to the first bidder. The service was lousy, the food worse, the whole atmosphere fierce and clammy. . . . As far as I was concerned, it was abysmal poverty and the most uncomfortable life I could imagine. I'd be hadge-hag before I'd face being any poorer or economizing any further. . . .

Glenn laughed. It began to percolate through my thick

Ready to Lick the World—Men Who Didn't Give Something for Nothing—Daily Grind—Beginning of the End—Anne's Terrible Moment

I GOT me a job in the daytime, modeling in a shop where I had spent more than one fortune in former days.

Pictures by D'ALTON VALENTINE

head that I was a side show to him. That he wanted to see how long I would last! That he was toying with the idea that I just possibly might turn to him in that inevitable moment of cave-in.

That somewhat galvanized me. He wasn't the Sir Galahad that the haze of my troubles had focused him—not a bit of it! Nor was he the only one who had that tentative biding-my-time look in his eyes. It began to dawn on me! And just as subtly and unconsciously my attitude changed toward Glenn and toward the others—even Neil, throwing out harmless hints and calling me up at odd hours! Dick Buddington! Good God! Only Serge—only Serge, out of the endless bunch—seemed just as impressed, just as honored, just as gently considerate and extravagantly attentive. . . . Homely, homeless Serge, who knew himself what hell was. . . .

I couldn't bear being alone. One half hour in the hotel room and I was drinking like a drainpipe. . . . The sleepless nights I spent in that room were enough to put me into a padded cell. . . . It was like a prison from which I could see no escape. I didn't want to stay in it, but I didn't know how to get out of it. . . . I wrote check after check—for what? I don't know. . . . Where does money go?

I was in the hotel room one month, and my check stubs (those that I remembered to keep) showed that I had paid out, to this and that, around five hundred dollars. The bank said I had spent close to eight hundred, and the bank was right. And that was living by the so-called skin of my teeth. . . . And Glenn had said I should live on twelve hundred a year! Well, what was the answer?

I BEGAN the new month by accepting an invitation from Rita to spend two weeks at her home in Newport. I went with the feeling that perhaps the rest, the change, the contact with luxury and things my soul craved, would help. . . .

The first few days were nectar. I wanted to sleep forever. She was busy opening the place, and I was glad to mope around alone, letting the sulks seep out of my mind. . . .

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page forty-one]

Where do people turn to in need? Certainly not to friends. To family, then? To God? I had neither. Maybe those who have a child—maybe they know a certain answer to their everlasting loneliness and craving to love and be loved. . . . Some people could find it in books—or music—animals, hobbies. . . . Most wise men said it was to be found in work, and in work only. No doubt that was the answer.

But where and how did one work? I was clever, witty, beautiful. So I was always led to believe. But what did that make me—now? Ripe for some man's prize—legally or otherwise. But I wanted desperately to stave that off. I seemed to have some neurosis on the subject. The usual flirting and more or less harmless love-making brought a resentful quiver to my lips and a moist hotness to my eyes. It all seemed to have a different meaning now—it all seemed to go a bit further. . . . Was it because of that night with Tony, because of the change in my own position, or merely a reaction from all I'd been through? I didn't know nor care. All I did know, and know irrefutably, was that I couldn't face the big plunge—yet.

And in the meantime? Nobody was less equipped to face the world when my parents left me in the lurch.

I'm not blaming them. Neither Nina nor Bill. It's the law of averages. Parents walk out on the children rarely; as a rule the kids walk out on the parents. Parents and children are the strongest human relationship I know. They hold a fantastic, gloriously insane love for each other—yet few people are such utter strangers.

An overpowering sense of loneliness drove me to any length to erase. . . . Excitement, superficial friends, sleeping tablets, drink . . . anything—anybody. . . .

After the first few days I got plenty of excitement at Rita's. Five guests arrived for the first week-end, and I flung myself into the lead of anything that was doing.

Of course they played cards. Rita is Rita. And I played too. I just didn't give a damn if I lost every cent I had. I couldn't be much poorer or much cheaper.

But I won! I lost a bit, and then I won, and then I lost again, and then I won.

I came out clean with fifteen hundred that week-end. Fifteen hundred dollars! Wasn't I supposed to live a year on less than that?

Glenn came down with the next week-end batch. Frightfully amused at my avidness for play. Puzzled as my luck increased. Facing me at the end with an air of you-know-it-won't-last that irritated me.

"I have thirty-six hundred dollars," I told him coolly, when the game was over. "Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going back and take that apartment I wanted in the first place. And get out enough rugs and furniture and silver and linen and every damned thing I need and want from storage. And put these winnings flat down on a year's rent. Then I can at least live and breathe for the next twelve months!"

"In perfumed air!" he mocked.

"YES. Just that. And what I'm now paying at a hotel will get me a maid."

"And then you'll keep on playing and lose every cent you own."

"No. Then I'm going to get my job. I couldn't before—I was too uncomfortable."

He roared.

"Once I lived on twelve dollars a week—and I was a growing and very hungry kid," he told me, amused.

"I doubt if you could do it now." I shrugged. "The world loves Cinderellas. The poor one who suddenly gets rich—it doesn't matter how. But the rich one who suddenly becomes poor—ah, that's a horse of another color. Not so damned entertaining."

He crooked his arm in mine and we sauntered toward the library—purposefully.

"I came up here mostly"—he turned soberly to me—"to tell you that we've heard from your mother."

I frowned. There was a warning in the way he broached the subject—in the fact that he hadn't phoned me immediately.

"Is she ill?"

"Well—no. She's well, as far as I know. Perfectly well. I—I don't think she grasped the full significance of all that has been written and wired her. I mean, possibly a number of letters haven't yet reached her."

"What did she say?" I snapped impatiently.

"Why, she's wiring you money. Or arranging to have some transferred from her bank here. She—she was terribly sympathetic, and of course very broken up herself. . . . She—er—"

"You mean—she isn't coming back?"

"She suggested you might meet them—I mean her—in Paris or London in September. I think myself it might be . . ."

He broke off a bit sheepishly.

"She was a bit annoyed that you quarreled with your grandfather," he began again, guardedly. "I imagine that he's written her himself—and given her rather odd impressions, you know, of all that happened. She seemed very—well, I might say, impatient—"

"You don't have to say. I can guess. So—she's going on with her—her honeymoon, is she?"

"Well, I imagine—you see, they had reached—"

"I don't care where in hell they reached! Nor where in hell they're going! And she can keep her money. And her advice! And you can tell her so! Tell her so for me!"

His dark-gray eyes opened in sharp surprise, and then, suddenly realizing, they softened and an arm went up in a quick gesture of sympathy and tenderness.

I found that arm around me, and I found my head on his shoulder, and I heard my voice sobbing viciously:

"I'm sorry, Glenn. . . . I'm a hell-cat sometimes. . . . I haven't—any—nerves—left!" . . .

And then, as I was trying to understand what it was he was murmuring, the door opened and Rita burst in on us.

"Oh, I *beg* pardon!" she cooed. Took a long measuring look at my tear-stained face, and left hurriedly.

II

I WISH I had paid my winnings down on the full year's rent, as I had planned. But Glenn told me to put it in the bank and draw on it each month just for the rent. I intended to, Lord knows! . . .

The apartment was a life-saver to me. For a time I reveled in fixing it up—right down to the last detail of Bill's commodore cap hung over my desk.

I got me a cheap maid. Couldn't stand it. Got one who could cook for human beings, and who also took care of my clothes, and who had enough intelligence to recognize the names of my friends.

I got French pupils. It was fairly easy. It would be a cinch in a season when folks stayed in town, but even in May I had a parade of brats that drove me mad. Nice to boast of being tutored by Anne Holt. Eight and ten dollars an hour I was soaking them, but they got their money's worth in a personal inside peep show. I tried hard not to dislike them, and I struggled to give them the best lessons possible, whether I was burning with a headache, jangling with nerves, or just lethargic with blues. Some of the kids were sweet, tender little souls, natural-born aristocrats; but many of them were prying and insulting little beasts, and ten to one I'd lose my temper and my pupil.

As the summer approached and the wealthy kids were whisked off to God's sunshine, I decided to take pupils of a serious bent.

When I went to register as a tutor at some of the recognized universities, schools of languages, normal schools, and business schools, I found that my background was, educationally, not of sufficient warrant. One needed a degree; one needed teaching certificates; one should take State Board thises and thats and be recognized.

Advertisements in certain specialized mediums brought me a herd of applicants. Prices were lower. Prices were ridiculous—even for classes. But I took them on. I got me a job in the daytime, modeling in a shop where I had

spent more than one fortune in former days. So I modeled clothes five hours a day, and taught French four nights a week. And in each job I lived in a half daze, thoroughly bewildered, and apt either to cringe or to burst into one of my tempers at what I saw and heard and met. . . .

At the shop the customers got on my nerves—like a violent toothache. I knew too many of them, and too many of them knew me. It was galling. Back stage in the job was so pathetic—such a dog-eat-dog fight; such a hypocritical, calculating attitude; and such a funny and marked class aristocracy among the workers, from the king owner down to the slave cleaner.

I stood it all as long as I could. When things got too bad, I'd cry sick and quit the shop for a week. They'd take me back. The manager had what he termed a paternal interest; he too "had known better days." The owner liked to boast of Anne Holt as one of his employees. . . .

ALL in all, I earned a batting average of seventy to eighty a week (fifty at the shop). Sometimes it was more and sometimes less. But if it were five hundred times as much it wouldn't have been worth it. And what future did it hold? What promise except for limitless drab days! A line of dead tomorrows! A couple of months of it left me old and worn and bitter and disillusioned. . . . No wonder so many people who are out working for years get hard and unresponsive, I decided. And why were they working—and where would they get?

Meanwhile I kept up with those of my old crowd who were in New York, or who made sudden apparitions preparing to take a boat, or arrive on a boat, or set off somewhere. . . . I went on week-ends near by. I even took up Betty Price, mostly because I had to have somebody to talk to and her crowd amused me. She wasn't "Bill's girl" now! She lived in the apartment he had given her, drove his car, wore his jewels—but she had smiled on another man; another was backing her show. . . . She, and most of those she associated with, lived the sophisticated theory that my crowd pretended to live. My crowd was hard, merciless, relentless. Betty's was merely practical, and given to indifference and taking the breaks as they came. They, at least, had a sense of humor.

She was so utterly the opposite of all Tony's ideals that he was forever in my mind when I was with her. She actually lived the hard-boiled code that I had tried to imitate because it was the smart thing to do. Yet, of the various strata of human beings that I'd rubbed up against, Betty Price was the most capable, the most fearless, and the hardest working. I couldn't like her—but I couldn't help admiring her. She worked with a physical endurance that would have given me a nervous breakdown; she scorned any bad habit that would interfere with that work; she had herself and her life planned to the last detail; she knew where she was going and why—and she was clever about using anybody and everybody who would help her get there.

The heat of the city killed me. The useless grind and the constant adjustments to things and people burned me up. The fever and the excitement kept me going—that and my resentment of so many people . . . my bitter resentment against Jerome and Nina and the fact that I never heard from Tony . . . my lesser but just as stinging resentment against my friends, particularly against Glenn Clark, who was so utterly necessary to me, and yet who was obviously getting closer and closer to his goal. Some day I'd give in to Glenn—and God help him when I did!

He stopped short. His eyes gazed beyond me to where Glenn stood. . . .

The worst crucifixion was the fact that my father's name was being tracked down in the mud. Open and underhand criticism of him was rampant. Four members of the bank had been on trial—a lengthy and idiotic affair that seemed to get nobody anything, except three sentences at the finish.

BUT the three were not in jail long; they were released on appeal. Evidently there would be far worse hell to pay if they had not used Bill as a shelf to lay all their excuses and misdealings on. I gathered, through Glenn, that Bill was the sacrificial goat. I fought blindly at first in a fury of indignation. I saw everybody who would see me. But I was powerless. What did I know of the conditions? What could I say or do to justify the man who had died to save them?

That's when I gave up trying to work hard. It wasn't worth it. I was too ill—too mortally tired. I stopped my classes and quit my job—intending to take them both up later. But at the moment I craved a rest and a spell of peace.

I was getting sicker by the day. Sicker and weaker. From the heat. From the heartache and the loneliness. From the humiliations and continual humblings of my soul. From my incessant drinking and my continual need of sleeping tablets, stimulants, and sedatives. From my fear and worry of the future and the nightmare harassment of the present. From the awful bills that accumulated, from the awful people that pressed them. . . . And mostly from the dull, everlasting ache for Tony—the hour-by-hour crying need of him that it was too late to do anything about. . . .

I went back to card-playing, and I played with a fierceness of desperation, a concentration and intensity I had never put into my work. . . . And sometimes I was gloriously lucky, and would indulge in a mad, unintelligent feast of writing checks, paying up bills, and buying things I felt I must have. . . . Doctors were the worst. . . . Doctors on my trail now. . . . How absurdly expensive it was to get well, when they could never give you the sleep, the calm, the peace of mind that might make you well! . . .

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Continued from page forty-three

Other times I'd lose. In a long terrifying run of bad luck that would force me to use more of my own dwindling account—shrinking so that I didn't dare ask the balance of the bank—shrinking so that at times I had to borrow. To borrow! I tried to borrow first from Rita, and she laughed in my face. She calmly explained that she understood that what I didn't get from Glenn I got from her husband—Neil! Why play the sanctimonious waif on top of that? Did I think her an utter moron? Wasn't it enough that she was sufficiently broad-minded to give me refuge practically every week-end and let me sit down and strip her guests cold at the card table?

I was too stunned to answer. And too tired. God knows Neil had been obvious in his attempts to make me, and God knows I wouldn't have taken him as a last resort. But what was the use trying to prove it? No doubt he had spread the impression of a conquest. . . .

I borrowed from Serge. He was the only friend I had, anyway. When he wasn't on concert tour, he had proven himself the only true devotion—the only one who had actually asked me to marry him! Poor Serge! I'd never do him such a dirty trick—I'd kill every bit of music in him. But his quiet, unquestioning, undemanding presence was a solace. . . .

The heat lingered on far into the fall. Serge left for his autumn series, and I was never so touched as at the gesture of leaving me his car, with the garage rent paid. It was something to get out into the country again. Yet everywhere I headed was filled with memories—memories of Tony; memories of Bill. . . . Nearly nine months since they had gone. Yet it seemed like centuries—lifetimes. . . .

Back to my job—and I fainted the second day. I was sick. Weak. I was afraid to go to the doctors any more. I owed them too much!

I borrowed from Glenn. That was the beginning of the end. I knew it. He knew it. There was no use putting up a front any longer. He begged me to go away. He wanted to take me away.

He was all tenderness and concern—filling my room with flowers; paying the rent that was three months late. That last cut me back to life a bit. I began to play. Too weary to concentrate on the cards and keep a smile for my partner, but if only the luck would turn for me . . . if only I could make a clean-up! Enough to pay things off and go away by myself—and rest. But I'd lose and win, win and lose—just about breaking even. And during the days I'd lie in bed until my back and neck ached, and then I would sit for long, unknown hours in a semihaze. I was afraid to go out, for the traffic seemed to meld into a queer, riotous focus before my eyes, and there were times when I couldn't catch my breath. . . .

Betty Price came and found me, one day, sitting like that. . . . I don't remember what brought her; I don't remember whether I had been seeing her off and on, or not. . . . I don't remember much of anything clearly except bare spots that stand out nakedly in my mind and then slip back into oblivion again. . . . But Betty loaned me money. Betty paid off some of the worst of my debts. And she sat and talked.

SHE roused my interest in a few weeks' trip to Bermuda. There would be nobody there at this season; I could be perfectly quiet. . . . She left me enough money to see me through the trip. . . . But when she was gone I forgot all about it. Sitting there stupidly, not really hearing my maid or seeing the food she placed before me . . . sitting there, a glass in my hand as if it grew there. . . . Wasn't that what I once said about Bill? When it came to his weaknesses, I was Bill's daughter. . . . I remembered how angry and disgusted I had been with him when he drank so constantly to drown his troubles.

I didn't care what I drank now. Nothing intoxicated me. I wanted only to achieve a hazy semiconsciousness. I wanted only to sit very still: because when I moved there was a sharp pain that swept through me like cold fire. . . . I wanted to sit and not think of the moment Glenn would open the door. . . . I wondered if I could ever get myself into sufficient stupor to make the final break and give in to him. . . . I wondered if it would be as bad as I thought . . . or if I'd ever get used to him. . . . All about the place were things of his—a little strategy of his to get me used to him, no doubt; a clever way of giving others proof of an unquestionable claim. . . . Well, it might as well be tonight. . . . It might as well. . . .

Toward evening I roused myself. Always toward night I'd feel better. Wide awake, excitable, nervously ta ıt—a sort of fever that gave me a false strength.

I DRESSED carefully and slowly. For a bridal night of a sort. I had a strange, bizarre gown from my old glories; one that I'd never worn. It was a startling thing: a complete sheath of metal beads—a low-backed affair with a long train, entirely hand-crocheted with tiny steel-cut beads. It was unbelievably heavy, but it felt somehow like an armor.

There was to be a stiff game at my place that night, and I gave Glenn to understand, when he phoned, that unless I felt very ill he might stay. . . .

The doorbell rang, and I heard the maid asking questions . . . and a voice answering—a voice that made my heart stand still and sent that cold white pain through me again. . . .

A figure pushed past the maid and strode into the room.

A face that danced before my eyes. . . .

"Tony!" I whispered. "Oh, Tony!" . . .

In a half dream I heard his voice, tender, crooning, broken. . . . I felt his arms around me. . . . I heard him suddenly concerned, exclaiming that I was ill. . . .

"I—I have a dreadful, dreadful pain, Tony," I muttered.

He put me back on the chaise longue and knelt beside me. . . . I tried to listen to all he said—a whole torrent of love and tenderness—as he knelt there kissing my hands, holding them close against him, laying his cheek against mine, smoothing my hair and murmuring . . . asking if I hadn't received his radios. . . . I remember shaking my head stupidly, and then thinking of Glenn . . . Glenn, who knew all about Tony, and who was probably the reason I had received no wires. . . . I had let him manage everything—I barely bothered to open my own mail, and it would lie around for days untouched. . . .

Then my mind snapped back to Tony. But his face seemed to come and go, and his voice was blurred by the ringing in my ears and the tears that fell unwarranted. . . . I didn't need an explanation, anyway; I didn't care when or how he had heard of my troubles. . . . All I cared was that he was back! That he had come to me. That he wanted to take me with him. That all he asked was to take care of me. That he had suffered indescribable torments without me. . . . I began to realize how thin he seemed—how haggard and worn. . . . And at that I sat up with a rushing desire to tell him it was all right. . . .

I half heard myself talking—wildly, but, oh, so earnestly . . . telling him he must never be lonely—I knew what it was to be lonely. . . . I heard myself laughing, laughing through my tears, and repeating over and over how happy we would be—always together—and that I'd go anywhere with him . . . asking if he'd had a nice trip and if he had found his diamonds . . . no, it wasn't diamonds, was it? It was emeralds. . . . And was it as hot in South America as it had been here all summer? For I had nearly died of the heat, and I was sick, and oh, Tony, I was so afraid of being sick! . . .

I had a faint realization that my joy wasn't being shared—that he had suddenly stood off and was regarding me with a strange blank horror. . . . I grew frightened at that old look of disapproval in his eyes, and I tried with a supreme effort to snap myself into calmness. . . .

"I—I'm so excited," I explained feebly. "I—I'll be all right when I've had a drink. . . . Tony, you . . ."

He took the bottle that I had lifted out of my hand. "You don't need a drink. You're not sick! You're—tight."

I was frightened. Frightened because it was the truth, and I didn't know how to explain it away. Frightened because of the bitterness in his eyes. Frightened of the other truths he would learn. . . . I heard myself fighting, protesting that I'd had a hard day, a very hard week. He couldn't guess how hard I'd worked all summer . . . nor could he begin to understand how devilishly difficult everything had been . . . for I'd been losing money and it was hot, and I'd no bath salts, even. . . .

And my voice died on my lips as he turned and walked away. . . . He stopped short, frozen in his steps, and picked up a pipe. Shot me a glance that went through me like a knife and brought fierce, raging pain again. I saw him turn swiftly and walk into the rest of the apartment. I heard him moving around. I knew he'd find other things of Glenn's. Yet I was powerless to move. I could only sit taut, not daring to stir for fear the pain would split me in two.

The doorbell rang. Rang and rang. He came back into the room, and I shall never forget his face. . . . The maid went to the door, and still I couldn't move. But I managed to call to the maid and tell her to send everybody away as they arrived. I was too ill.

Tony watched the maid. Listened. Saw the crowd. In between the groups, he stood talking to the maid. Asking about the game. . . . I heard her explaining—how we played until five and six in the mornings; and how I mostly won, but how I'd been losing quite a lot lately; but how Mr. Clark wanted me to quit, because I'd been real sick lately, and he wanted to take me away. . . .

And Tony's voice asking who Mr. Clark was, and learning he was a lawyer gentleman . . . learning that, yes, them was his things there; but he don't rightly live here. . . .

THE pain left me. But I didn't try to speak. There was no use. No use trying to tell him anything. . . . The doorbell rang again and again, and in between-times Tony and the maid talked. He asked to see what medicines I'd been taking; asked as to when I ate and drank.

Then once more the doorbell rang, and a strident voice laughed at the idea of the game's being called off. Demanded entrance, and then expressed shrill surprise at seeing Tony.

I sat forward. Rita! Rita here, white-faced and furious, demanding if Neil was coming to the game, and threatening me if I didn't refuse to play with him. He had been losing hand over fist. . . . I protested that I hadn't seen Neil for months. But Rita was beyond believing. Her accusations were wild—yet so glued with truth that it was almost impossible to deny them: the borrowing—Serge's car—Glenn's obvious ownership—the way I sponged on my friends and then turned to stab them in the back. . . . The fact that I had supplied names of my friends to a bootlegger and no doubt got a split. . . . I denied that. Anyone who had so used my name was lying. . . . I told her where to find Neil. Ten to one she'd find him with a little actress whom he'd met when he went with me to one of Betty Price's parties. . . .

RITA phoned from there—and left to hotfoot it over and raise another row, no doubt. . . .

And I sat, trembling, and watched Tony put on his hat and coat and pick up his stick. Watched him leave without turning to look back at me. And still I went on sitting there, crying weakly.

Refused the proffers of the maid and let her go home, and went on sitting by the window, because most of me had died and I was too paralyzed to move.

The clock had struck off many hours before I heard a key turn in the lock. I saw Glenn Clark walk in, and stare at me, puzzled—come toward me with a murmur of pity and fright. . . . I was half unconscious as he bent over and put his arms around me. . . . I was aware that he was carrying me into my room, but my senses would reel and drop away from me with stabs of pain.

He had no idea of what had happened. . . . I kept murmuring only that I was sick, yet begging him not to get a doctor. He undressed me and put me to bed; gave me a stiff drink. He was insisting, gently, that he must phone for a doctor, when the doorbell rang. Loudly. Urgently. . . .

I struggled out of bed, demanding that he let me answer. I didn't want anyone to see him there. . . . I was sure it was Rita returning to try to trap me—not having found Neil anywhere else.

I closed the door on him and made my way into the living room. Opened the door . . . and stared bleakly at Tony, who gazed back at me.

"I'm a God-damned fool," he said huskily. "But, Anne—I can't leave you!"

My hands went out to him in a flutter of hope, and then I thought of Glenn and fear gripped my throat.

"Please—please go!" I gasped.

"Anne—Anne, won't you forgive me? I've been walking the streets—trying to think it out. I don't care, Anne! I'm afraid you *are* sick. You can't make the grade alone, Anne. And you're mine, no matter what. We belong . . ."

He stopped short. His eyes gazed beyond me to where Glenn stood. . . .

"Tony!" I caught hold of his lapels frantically. "Don't look like that! He—he means nothing. He never has. . . . There's never been anybody but you. I only . . ."

But his hand struck me—full across the mouth—and I fell back, stunned.

Next week you'll watch Anne desperately seeking a way out of her degradation. Can she find it?

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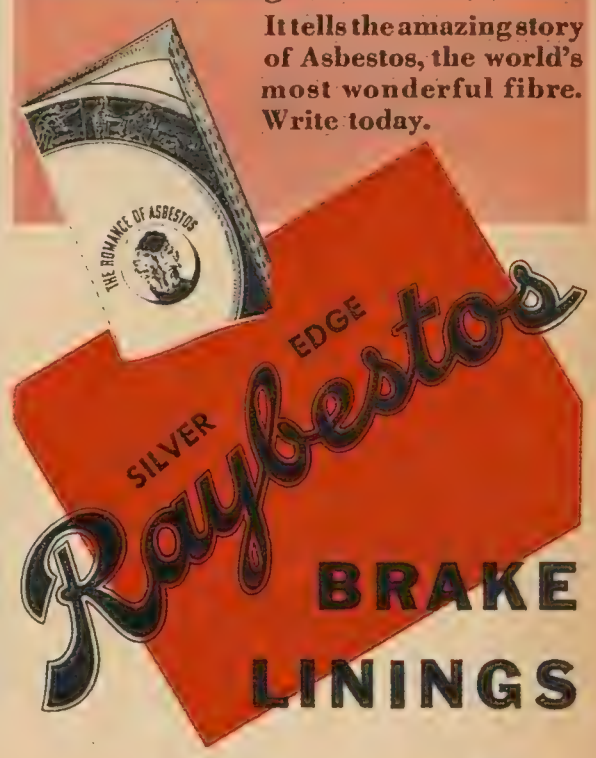

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LIMERICK

$500 CONTEST $500

SIXTY-EIGHT CASH PRIZES

Your Chance to Win One Is Excellent!

THIS week Liberty invites you to supply the missing last line for another contest Limerick. Sixty-eight winners will be paid a total of $500 for their fun. File your claim to some of the money by filling in the coupon or a copy thereof and mailing it as directed in the rules. The prizes must be paid!

Someone must win. You can be a winner as easily as not. It's a fair field and no favors. The big point is to enter. Do it now!

There are plenty of words that rhyme with the first two lines of the Limerick. Think over a few of them.

Put yourself in Moe Songwriter's place. Of course you yourself wouldn't steal a melody, but just suppose you were in his place. Then write a last line to finish the Limerick as you think it should end. It ought to be a cinch! And your chance to get paid for it is excellent.

This is the final Limerick contest of this series, so get in on it. And look for the new contest next week.

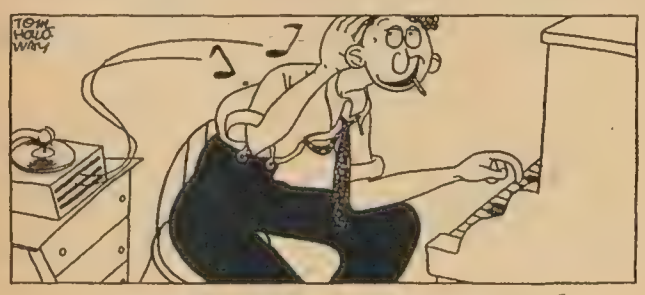
The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write your own last line to complete the Limerick. Then write a first line for a new Limerick. Send your entry to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You may copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many entries each week as you wish. However, no contestant can win more than one prize in any one week.

For the best last line for the contest Limerick, accompanied by the best suggested first line for a new Limerick, $100 will be paid; for the next best, $50; for the third best, $25; and for the next sixty-five, $5 each. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, with the exception of employees of Liberty and their families.

HERE IS THE LIMERICK



Moe Songwriter couldn't invent
A melody worth a thin cent.
But from operas rare
Moe stole many an air—

.....

(You write the last line)

Write a first line for a new Limerick in the space below.

.....

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight August 6. This gives everyone ample time to enter. Results will be published in Liberty dated September 24.

JUNE 18 CROSS-WORD AWARDS

$100 FIRST PRIZE

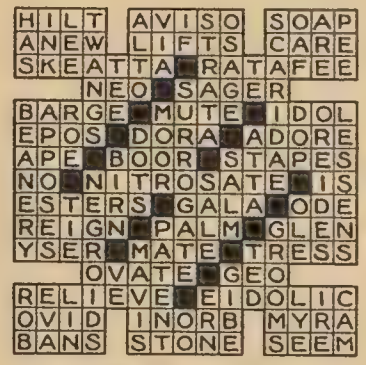
A. M. WEIL
Philadelphia, Pa.

$50 SECOND PRIZE

MARIE A. WILLSON
San Francisco, Calif.

$25 THIRD PRIZE

FRANCIS C. CARROLL
Dorchester, Mass.



THE SOLUTION

SIXTY-FIVE PRIZES, EACH $5

Joseph Archer, Los Angeles, Calif.; Edward Baker, Jr., Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. W. H. Barber, Royal Oak, Mich.; A. M. Barrow, Pine Bluff, Ark.; G. W. Becker, Des Moines, Ia.; Ethel Blake, Philadelphia, Pa.; A. D. Bower, Akron, Ohio; H. J. Boetel, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. C. H. Bowlby, Fort Wayne, Ind.; E. C. Brown, South Jacksonville, Fla.; Laverne Caron, Detroit, Mich.; Maurice H. Chesney, Brooklyn, N. Y.; R. C. Cunningham, Charlestown, Mass.; Ralph M. Curtis, Chicago, Ill.; W. A. Davis, Charlotte, N. C.; Mrs. Marie P. Davidson, Baltimore, Md.; J. C. Donahue, Tacoma, Wash.; Mrs. Will F. Dowdy, Albuquerque, N. M.; Elsie L. Edgar, Fort Thomas, Ky.; Laura Elliott, Pottstown, Pa.; E. B. Estes, Chicago, Ill.; Dozier N. Fields, Islip, N. Y.; G. E. Fisher, Youngstown, Ohio; F. P. Foulkrod, Richmond, Va.; Marion B. Forsythe, Waddington, N. Y.; William M. Franklin, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Tina Gardner, Dallas, Tex.; Erik Gellerstedt, Waltham, Mass.; George Gilbert, Philadelphia, Pa.; C. W. Glover, Chicago, Ill.; Maude Griffith, Jacksonville, Fla.; Robert C. Hanika, Indianapolis, Ind.; Ross. B. Haddock, Shoshone, Idaho; Bert Hart, Detroit, Mich.; Hilda Hasse, Los Angeles, Calif.; J. V. Heap, Springfield, Pa.; C. L. Hill, Albert Lea, Minn.; George W. Huggins, II, Kansas City, Mo.; Agnes W. Kent, Freehold, N. J.; Ethel Lawrence, Pueblo, Colo.; Rex Leonard, Daytona Beach, Fla.; A. C. Lewis, Los Angeles, Calif.; J. R. Longacre, Dallas, Tex.; C. R. May, Fort Rodman, Mass.; Lewis Moody, San Diego, Calif.

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NEXT WEEK! GREAT NEW MOVIE MYSTERY CONTEST FOR CASH PRIZES BEGINS NEXT WEEK!

Wherever I go people point me out as "the girl that won the beauty prize."

Diana's Diary

She Wins the Beauty Prize, and the Dream Man Comes True

Words and Picture by
BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 4 minutes 40 seconds.)

MONDAY: Oh, I'm floating. I'm the happiest girl alive. What do you think, Diary? I *won* the *beauty prize!* Yes, *won* it! Hot pup! Oh Diary, I'm so happy I could go hey-hey.

TUESDAY—Well, things are certainly getting hectic. I never had so much attention in my life. Wherever I go people point me out as "the girl that won the beauty prize." When I got to the barber shop I liked to passed out. I wish you could've seen the fuss they made over me Diary. The joint was decorated from one end to the other. Really, I couldn't've had more attention if I was pressing Gable's double breaster. Every hair trimmer in the layout mobbed me.

WEDNESDAY: Good gracious, you should see the mail I'm getting Diary—barrels of it! I got six proposals of marriage—one to a Duke—eight new jobs and a couple or three bananas want to stick me in business. A yell, ain't it?

Yes, and here's an invitation from an old flame of mine down in Greenwich Village. He wants me to go to a *depression party.* Do you know what a depression party is Diary? It's one of those gags where you wear your old clothes and eat before you go. Tie that one!

THURSDAY: Well, today I certainly am all het up. The editor of the Tab came over and informed me that I have to go to Atlantic City and be the Guest of Honor at a big reception Saturday night. He said the judges of the Beauty Contest are going to present me with the $1,000 check I won. Hot man, burn my scanties!! Hon-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Stop Itching Skin

Clean, soothing, invisible ZEMO brings prompt relief to itching skin. Eczema, Pimples, Ringworm, Rashes, Dandruff and similar annoying, itching skin or scalp irritations are relieved and usually healed by this antiseptic, soothing lotion. All Druggists. 35¢, 60¢, $1.00. Extra Strength for obstinate cases—$1.25.

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

SUNBURN

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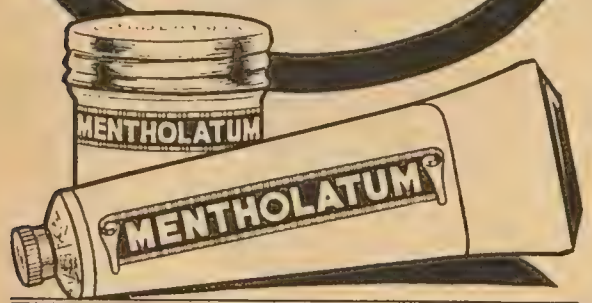

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

estly, if this excitement keeps up I'll have to get a maid or a secretary or something. I'm jumpy as hell.

FRIDAY: Well, Diary, here we are in Atlantic City. Can you imagine? *Me,* the guest of honor, no less, having all my expenses paid? I just can't believe it. Oh, whata room! Four-poster beds, two Shay's lounges, a desk full of dude writing paper and an ocean in front.

Oh my gawd! Diary, look what the bellhop just brought in! A personal letter from Mr. Ziegfeld inviting me to step in the Follies.

Yes, and here's another from George White offering me a contract to glorify the Scandals. Good grief, I'm all of a quiver.

SATURDAY: Oh my gawd, Diary, I don't know where to begin. This has been the most hectic day I ever spent in my life. Here's the only way I can write it—

9. A. M. Had breakfast in bed. Oh, it was heavenly. Whata bed!

11 A. M. Got dressed and autographed photos for admirers, maids, bellhops and the soever.

12 A. M. Interviewed newspaper scribes and photographers—three half crocked.

2 P. M. Had lunch in the Palm Room with all the big shots.

3 P. M. Sat in the back of a Royls-Royce with the Mayor of New Jersey and the editor of the Tab. Paraded down the Main Stem and threw kisses to the mob while the motorcycle cops fut-futted ahead.

6:30 P. M. Got dressed for dinner. Put on my evening cocktail creation with the lacy jacket. If I do say so myself, I did look beautiful.

8 P. M. Was ankled into the Grand Ballroom by the editor and a bunch of high hats. The chow room was packed. Mr. Gavin the editor got up and made a long speach and then the Mayor handed me the thousand-dollar check and *kissed me.* Honest, I blushed all the way down to my knees.

After that I was mobbed. I was so busy signing my name to photos, menus, paper bags and shirt fronts I thought my duke would fall off. For the rest of the evening I did nothing but dance, dance, dance. I must've frolicked with everything in pants. But wait Diary, guess what happened? Just as the orchestra started to play Good Night, Sweetheart, somebody touched me on the shoulder and said, "May I have this dance, Miss McCoy?" When I looked up, I looked squarely into the blue eyes of my *dream man.* Truly, my heart almost stopped. "I just *had* to speak to you," he whispered. "I would have found you long before this but I never knew your name or where you lived. When I saw your picture in the paper I recognized you immediately. That's why I'm here."

For two solid hours after that we sat on the porch and talked—he and I in the moonlight watching the ocean. The hours seemed to fly—it must've been three AM before I crawled into bed. Oh Diary, he's the sweetest man in all the world—so handsome, so polite and such a gentleman. I'm going to turn in now and dream and dream. Good night dear Lord.

SUNDAY: 1:30 A. M.: While I was having breakfast in my room the maid brought in a great big box. It was filled with American Beauty roses with this note:

DEAR DIANA:

Am motoring back to Long Island with my folks this morning. You probably don't know it, but you're going to dine with me Tuesday evening next. I'll call you long distance tonight. I just can't wait to see you again.

Good-by, dear,
C. DAVID MANTON.

Oh, I just can't believe it! Why should *he*—a man from the social set with polo ponies and airplanes and country homes—be interested in a kid like me? I wonder if he'll keep the date or if he's just kidding me???

Further adventures of Diana will be told in an early issue.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

He Smelled the Spelling

A few weeks ago I took my young son on a shopping tour.

While passing a store Clifton looked up at a sign and, just as if he were reading it, exclaimed, "Bakery!"

I said to him, "Clifton, how did you know that was a bakery? You can't read that sign."

"No," he replied, "but I can smell the bread."—Louise Richardson, 1403 Jean St., Ferndale, Mich.

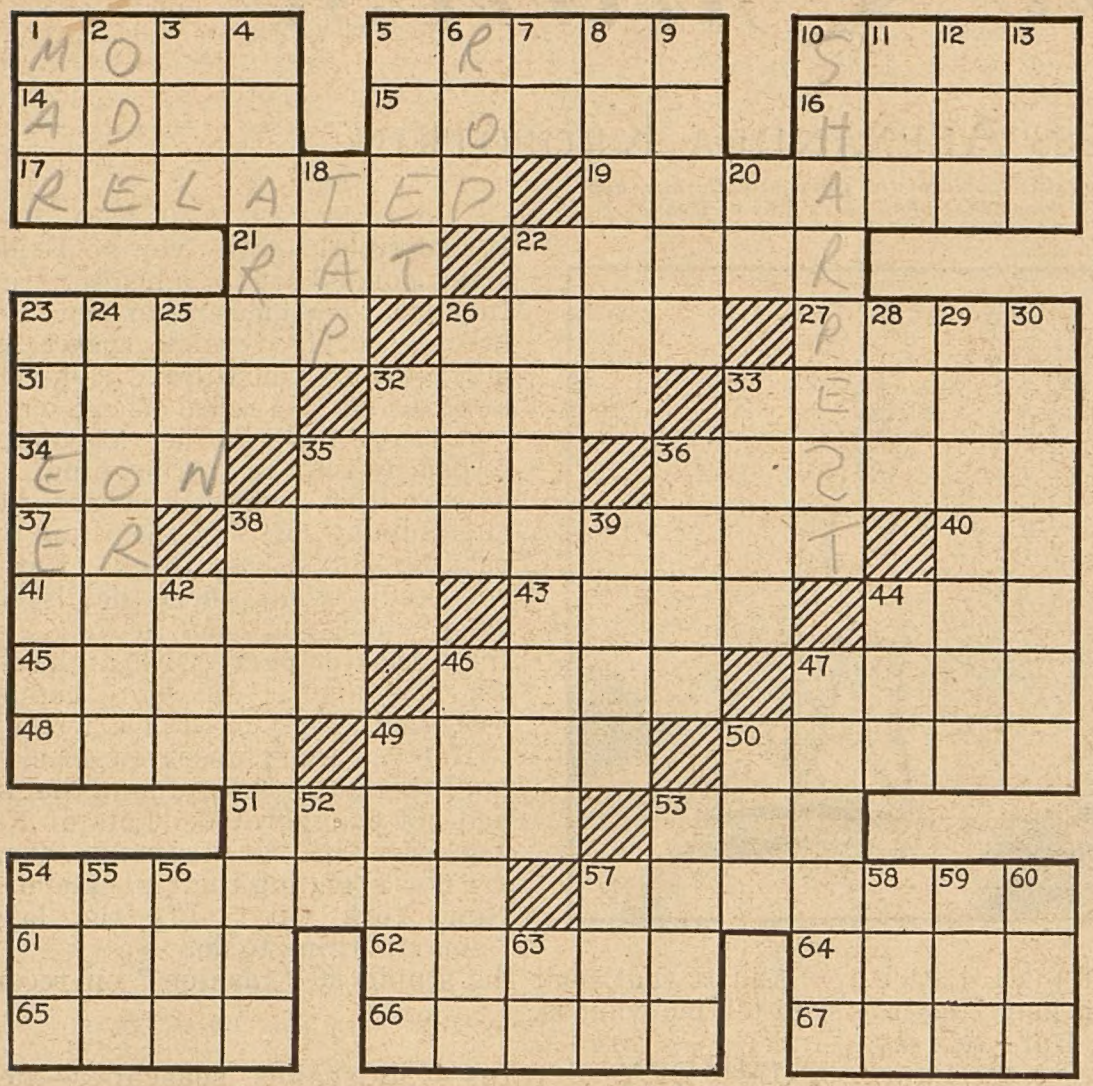
No Small Change

Thomas, age ten, was a Liberty salesman and I kept his accounts for him. One day he came in and said, "Charge the Joneses again this week."

I said, "Son, that's two weeks they owe you. I thought the Joneses were rich, with lots of money."

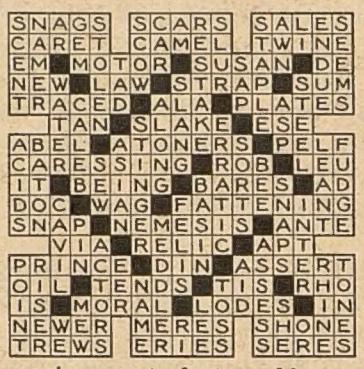
Thomas replied, "They are rich, mother, but I guess it is all in big bills."—Mrs. J. T. Allison, 812 James Blvd., Signal Mountain, Tenn.

Cross Words *A New Puzzle*



HORIZONTAL

1 A bog; peat bog
5 Machines for throwing clay pigeons
10 Begone!
14 Entrance or passage in a mine
15 System of phonetic notation
16 Drew or pulled (nautical)
17 Connected by blood or marriage
19 Furnished with lateral flaps
21 A rodent
22 Document
23 Treat with contempt
26 Festival
27 Plan or map
31 Greek combining form: broad
32 A spice derived from nutmeg
33 Wool-colored
34 Ten decades (abbr.)
35 Outer bark of certain trees
36 Ceased from labor
37 Syllable denoting hesitation
38 Town in western Germany
40 Western state (initials)
41 Coin of Peru
43 Players on one side in a baseball game
44 American author
45 One chosen or set apart
46 A canvas awning, as for a boat
47 Stimulate to activity



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C	A	R	E	S	S	I	N	G		R	O	B		L	E	U
I	T		B	E	I	N	G		B	A	R	E	S		A	D
D	O	C		W	A	G		F	A	T	T	E	N	I	N	G
S	N	A	P		N	E	M	E	S	I	S		A	N	T	E
		V	I	A		R	E	L	I	C		A	P	T		
P	R	I	N	C	E		D	I	N		A	S	S	E	R	T
O	I	L		T	E	N	D	S		T	I	S		R	H	O
I	S		M	O	R	A	L		L	O	D	E	S		I	N
N	E	W	E	R		M	E	R	E	S		S	H	O	N	E
T	R	E	W	S		E	R	I	E	S		S	E	R	E	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

48 A king of Midian
49 Pass through a sieve
50 Abounds
51 Rice boiled with meat or fish
53 Disfigure
54 An offensive odor
57 Hinged part of an airplane wing
61 Old
62 Couples
64 A mountain in Moab
65 Seed vessels
66 Anglo-Saxon domestic slaves
67 To conduct a periodical

VERTICAL

1 Deface
2 Poem
3 Yellow ocher
4 Stellate
5 Allowance for waste in transportation
6 Sixteen and a half feet
7 A form of to be
8 Roman procurator of Judea
9 Range or extent
10 Keenest
11 A light, portable bed
12 Hail
13 To spread for drying
18 Bark of certain trees
20 To possess actuality
22 Character in Martin Chuzzlewit
23 Withdrawer
24 Unworthy of an adult
25 Vase
26 Tract of land under cultivation
28 Kindled
29 A program of business to be done
30 Machines for spreading hay
32 One of a Philippine tribe
33 Character in a George Eliot novel
35 A heavy two-wheeled vehicle
36 Rave
38 Certain crustaceans
39 To incline
42 Bill
44 A simian
46 Headdress (plural)
47 Placid
49 Slant
50 The palmyra (India)
52 A small fish
53 Fail of attaining
54 Chart
55 Since
56 Guided
57 Measure of area
58 A color
59 A fetish
60 In no manner
63 A preposition

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

The Answer to the Aspirin Question

Squibb Aspirin tablets disintegrate quickly in water or after swallowing. Yet they are so firmly compressed that they will not crumble either in the box or on the tongue, and so they leave no bitter after-taste. Squibb Aspirin tablets are therefore as PLEASANT to take as they are—

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SQUIBB ASPIRIN

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5 GRAINS
12 TABLETS
SQUIBB ASPIRIN
E.R. SQUIBB & SONS, NEW YORK
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858
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Answers to Twenty Questions on page 31

1—From the sounding call "Mark twain" used on Mississippi boats.
2—Fifty-six.
3—Hiram.
4—In London, in 1752.
5—In Arbuthnot's History of John Bull (1712).
6—A discourse or sermon read or pronounced to an audience.
7—In Paris, France.
8—Glad tidings.
9—Salt Lake City, Utah.
10—The great-souled one.
11—A parr.
12—Magyar.
13—A stereotype plate or any similar reproduction of ornament or lettering; also a stereotyped phrase or expression.
14—An English game played by throwing wooden disks at pins, like ninepins.
15—Anything very puzzling or difficult to explain.
16—A mythical Flemish king, said to have been the inventor of beer.
17—The South African gemsbok.
18—Bartolommeo Cristofori in 1709.
19—An unfair division of territory into election districts to give advantage to a political party.
20—James Madison.

To the Ladies!

By Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

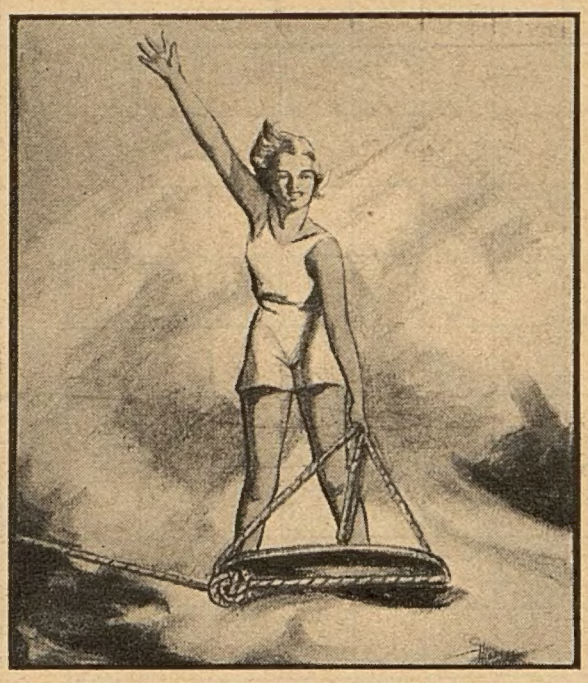
(Reading time: 5 minutes.)

WIFE-RENTING is high finance among the natives of the Belgian Congo, where Emily Hahn, twenty-seven-year-old St. Louis girl, has just been living alone for two years—the nearest white person a hundred miles away.

"All his married life," Miss Hahn told me, "a native husband out there pays rent to his wife's family for the use of her. If she isn't worth it he gets his money back, and her folks try to peddle her somewhere else."

Small, piquant, pretty, Miss Hahn dwelt in a harem for a while; learned to speak the lingo; enjoyed the life a lot.

"The native women are great gossips," she said. "They make a special point of knowing all the scandal about every white man in the Congo.



"I found the native men good-natured toward each other but very cruel to animals. It took a long time to make them stop abusing my pet monkeys. But when my menservants got used to the idea, they went the limit. They accepted the monkeys as equals, and would come to me with stories they said the monkeys had told them."

Emily Hahn

Mohammedanism being the stylish religion in that part of Africa, Miss Hahn, since her return, has been buying red fezzes to send back to her friends, the village chiefs. For their wives she's been buying assorted evening gowns with voluminous veils to match.

Congo magic and superstitions were thick where she lived. A leopard came prowling around her house during the first full moon after she arrived. The witch doctors told her it was a dead man's ghost and would come prowling back every month when the moon was full. Sure enough, says Miss Hahn, it did.

DON'T pay too much attention to that old idea about summer flirtations being frivolous. They often are, I know; but I also know that they can be as serious as any other flirtations, romances, or whatever you like to call the first stumble of falling in love.

Just for fun I've been checking up among my married friends to see how many met their husbands during summer vacations. Quite a few, quite a few—and I find that some of the happiest matches of the lot began that way.

SHE and her husband belong to the "new poor." Depression has hit them rather hard, and for the first time in years they are spending the summer in New York instead of going away to the shore or country.

"It won't be so bad," she told me early in June. "We'll be spending most of our week-ends with friends who have summer homes out of town."

A few days ago I talked with her again. She looked pale, languid. When she said she had just come back from a week-end at the shore, I told her she didn't look it. "Where's your tan?" I asked.

"Tan nothing!" she exclaimed disgustedly. "Do you know what an out-of-town week-end is like these days? It's terrible! Away you go Friday afternoon, all set for a healthy, restful time. The place is perfect. Cool breezes, lovely veranda, peace and quiet—or so you think. But right after dinner you're led off to a dance, and you're lucky if they let you get to bed by four in the morning. To be sure, there will still be Saturday and Sunday left for sleep and sun basking—or so you think. But do you know what those devils do? They whisk you *back to New York* for a theater party with night-club whoopee after. No more country week-ends for me. I'm a wreck!"

Her sad story deserved checking up, I thought. I soon found that she had not exaggerated. Lots of New Yorkers with nice summer homes are now spending their week-ends in New York City. It's the latest "smart" thing to do.

And if that isn't the stupidest "fashion" on record, you tell me what is.

SUMMERY pictures—landscapes, seascapes—help make the house look cool. A change of pictures is very refreshing, but few can afford it.

The American Woman's Association has started a circulating picture library to meet this need. For a few dollars a year the subscribers can take out different pictures every month. Enterprising book stores and picture dealers might well follow this lead.

WE'LL be wearing feathers this fall—but not on our hats. From Paris I hear that feather boas are scheduled to be all the rage again.

This time they will be great big capelike affairs with fronds a foot long. Boas of coq feathers are already being seen at the fashionable Paris races. They are being worn with smart organdie dresses, particularly with black. Trimmings of ostrich-feather fringe will appear on our autumn evening frocks. I hope you have kept those old feathers you wore about five years ago. They'll be useful this season. Which just goes to show how wise it is *not* to throw things away.

IN these hard-boiled times it is nice to hear that there are people left in the world who still think fancifully. Not long ago two grown-up women—they are sisters—came to call on me. I offered them some caramels.

"Butterfly eggs," one of them surprised me by saying.

Laughing at my amazement, they explained:

"Our old Irish uncle used to tell us, when we were kids, that butterflies laid caramels. He would catch a butterfly, put it in a box, and tell us not to look until the next day. When we opened the box the butterfly would be gone, but a caramel or two would be there to prove uncle's story. Until we were twenty years old we retained a secret belief that butterflies really do lay caramels."

THE next time you serve cream cheese with a plain lettuce salad try this trick:

Crush ¼ pound salted almonds and mix with 4 ounces cream cheese. Add ½ tablespoon fresh cream and 1 teaspoon kirsch flavoring. Chill the mixture and shape into balls or croquettes. According to size, place two or three cheese balls on each portion of lettuce.

YOU KNOW WHAT BAKING DOES FOR POTATOES

...THAT'S WHAT IT DOES FOR BEANS!

HEINZ BEANS ARE BAKED, *MOST BEANS AREN'T*

unless the label says "BAKED" they aren't BAKED BEANS

You've seen potatoes come out of the oven — their crisp skins bursting with flaky, snow-white goodness — lighter, more digestible, more delicious than any boiled potato could be. That's the very selfsame thing that baking does for beans.

Everybody knows that — but few people know that most so-called "baked beans" aren't baked at all. If you doubt that, just look at the labels on the different brands of beans. Unless the label says "Baked," those beans aren't baked. They're steamed or boiled. And between such beans and Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans there's the same vast difference that there is between boiled and baked potatoes.

To discover the difference that baking makes, try Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans. Oven-baking makes them wonderfully light, tender and digestible. It lets the sauce permeate through and through — just as butter permeates a baked potato. And it brings out the true bean flavor — gives Heinz Beans a mouth-watering goodness that will spoil your taste for any other beans.

Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans come in four tempting styles. Two with tomato sauce — with pork and without. Then, Boston Style — with pork, in a rich, molasses-flavored sauce. Lastly, Red Kidney Beans — with pork, in a savory sauce, ready to serve.

Your family will love Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans. And with four delicious styles to choose from, you can gain variety, no matter how often you serve them. They're a nourishing dish, too — all the food value of meat and potatoes. Order Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans the next time you're at your grocer's.

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HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS IN TOMATO SAUCE WITHOUT MEAT VEGETARIAN
HEINZ OVEN BAKED RED KIDNEY BEANS WITH PORK

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